THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

FEBRUARY 1936

# CURRENT COMMENTS

*By Douglas Jerrold*

"AND easy lies the head that wore a crown." These words, from a sonnet written by that eccentric genius, T. W. H. Crosland, on the death of Edward VII, have an added poignancy when we apply them to his successor. By comparison, if by comparison only, the reign of Edward VII was peaceful. The old order that is now dead, and in great part at our own hands, survived him. No one that saw that cavalcade of Kings and Emperors who attended his funeral procession will ever forget it. Such an assembly will not be seen again. Among them were the Kaiser, the Archduke Ferdinand, King Alfonso of Spain, and the Crown Prince of Serbia and the nephew of the Czar—three of them doomed to murder and two to exile.

Now the chief figure in that group is also dead, but how different his destiny. Alone of the great monarchies whose history is the history of Europe, our own survived the incomparable disasters of the twenty-five years which divides us from that brilliant May morning of 1910. And with what enhancement of affection and respect. History will know how to measure an achievement to which in our troubled age there is no equal.

The twenty-five years of the reign of King George V have seen changes so revolutionary, and catastrophes so vast, that the contemporary eye cannot measure them, and the reign has closed in the midst of a crisis which, if not as grave as that of July, may well develop into one of greater gravity even than that of August, 1914.

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**A Loss to the World**

UNTIL January 20 the one dominating factor of continuity linking the old world to the new was the King of England. The loss to the world by his death can be expressed more eloquently, but hardly more truthfully. The loss is felt as deeply, and the fact is significant, by those régimes which are engaged on new and hazardous experiments in government, and policies visibly threatening the world's peace, as by those more stable if not uniformly more fortunate countries which are engaged in the defence of the existing order—economic, social and political—against those powerful forces. Nor are these world tributes and expressions of sorrow dictated by mere human sympathy. They come from men who, whether they be the hereditary, the elected, or the self-appointed leaders of their peoples, know more than the British public will know for some time of the influence exercised by King George in favour of policies making for appeasement and the relief of the world from the overshadowing fear of a new war.

There is this tragic similarity between the international situation as it was in 1909 and as it is today—that propaganda and preparation for a world war are becoming visible and are becoming accepted as the inevitable consequence of a pre-existing situation. The cause of peace, alas, is more visibly endangered in January, 1936, than it was in 1910 because the prestige of the throne is higher in this country than ever before, and because the position of the British monarchy in the eyes of the world is wholly changed.

In 1910 the British monarchy was one among many, and the personal influence of the King of England was for constitutional reasons less than that of the Emperors of Russia and Austria-Hungary, or of the German Emperor. Two things have happened since 1910. The British monarchy alone among the great monarchies survives, and constitutional and political developments in Great Britain itself have very greatly enhanced, and

with the full consent of all political parties, the personal influence of the Throne.

**The Popular Throne**

THE reign of King George V began in the midst of the most serious constitutional crisis which this country had known since the Reform Bill. In that crisis King George, following the advice of his Ministers, forced a direct issue over the passage of the Veto Bill by the House of Lords. He could, with perfect constitutional propriety, have called on Mr. Balfour to form a government and to keep or secure a majority. He was misinformed, as is now known, as to Mr. Balfour's readiness to form an administration. But, even had he been correctly informed, it is doubtful whether he would have acted differently. Under the two-party system the rights of the Party leader with a majority were regarded as almost absolute.

New developments have added immeasurably to the burden of responsibility resting on the Sovereign. For many years past there have been at least half a dozen politicians who could form administrations which could secure a majority in the House of Commons. The action taken by King George in 1931, constitutionally correct as it was, marked a decisive stage in the adaptation of our constitutional practice to the needs of a new situation and a new era in the history of the British monarchy. For the first time since the throne went to the Hanoverian line, the throne became popular not merely socially but politically. It was a necessary prelude to this popularity that King George should twice have entrusted the Labour leaders of the day with the task of forming a minority government on party lines. The result was that the only persons who ventured to criticise King George's action in 1931 were the revolutionary socialists who, as they have shown in Spain, regard a right wing popular government as an infringement of the socialist prerogative to enforce minority views on a hostile majority.

To such critics—a mere handful at the best—the Jubilee celebrations gave a more than dusty answer. The only cheers I have heard in any way comparable to those which greeted the King and Queen on the drive to St. Paul's for the Jubilee service were those given by the Fleet to the troops who left Mudros Harbour in April and May, 1915, to land on the Gallipoli Peninsula. In May, 1935, the British public acclaimed from their hearts twenty-five years of unremitting service at once absolutely disinterested and absolutely wholehearted.

**The Family and the State**

IN the course of these years the relationship of the throne and the people had been profoundly altered. The change began with the War, when the figure of the King in service uniform became familiar at first hand to millions of English men and women. It was left to the inventions of scientists to complete the transformation from the aristocratic to the family monarchy. King George's Christmas broadcasts brought the throne into personal touch with the family life of the most sentimental and conservative people left in Europe.

Natural gifts came to the aid of political genius. King George's voice in his younger days was one of the most magnificent speaking voices heard in our time—at least so I was told by Sir John Kirwan, Speaker of the Western Australian Parliament, who remembered his speech at the opening of the Federal Parliament at Melbourne. Nor is it difficult for those to believe this who only heard his broadcast addresses in his last years. His voice was essentially masculine, yet charged with feeling; resonant, yet without a trace of striving after effect; deeply sincere, yet without a trace of sentimentality.

Politicians may miss the change of emphasis in the public attitude to the throne. Those who live closest to events often see least. To the mere observer the change is markedly dramatic. Through the beneficent instrumentality of the British monarchy the family has resumed its rightful place above the State. To

that revolution of public sentiment, to that merciful change of a nation's heart, is due our escape from so many threats of social upheaval. For that escape the thanks of a decent and still Christian people are due chiefly to King George V.

**The Christian Order**

TO recall the events of the reign is to live over again years too full of change and anxiety for easy retrospect; the literary craftsman of the future will find it a more satisfying task to sum up in a paragraph the long Victorian epoch than the far shorter reign which is now closed. The first seemed, no doubt, to those who played their part in it, to have its share of trouble and anxiety; indeed, not a few of the deep conflicts of our own day have their roots in Victorian policies then universally acclaimed.

But two principles at least were held sacred over that long stretch of years—European solidarity and the necessity of the Christian social order to secular progress. In the last twenty-five years, and more notably in the last fifteen years, both these principles have been called in question, not only abroad but in this country. The forces of light have so far prevailed, but King George's successor ascends the throne while the battle is still in progress, the issue still undecided. A vigorous effort is being made to organise for armed action in the international sphere what are called the forces of progress, by which are meant the so-called liberal but actually revolutionary forces which have been so decisively defeated in every country in Europe since the War. The Englishman is being asked in the name and for the sake of his free institutions (which are in reality only in danger from their professed champions) to enter into a close military alliance with the anti-clerical majority in France and the anti-Christian dictatorship at Moscow. Even so were we asked, once before in our history, to combine with France and the Mohammedan powers for the destruction of the Christian monarchies of Central and Southern Europe.

**Rudyard Kipling**

THE death of Rudyard Kipling recalls another and very different epoch. When he spoke to the present generation, it was as a voice out of the past. He was the sometimes inspired and always effective spokesman of a kind of imperialism no longer in fashion. It was not that his faith in British law and British justice was misplaced but that the growth of competitive imperialisms on the one hand and of national sentiment in the British Dominions on the other created a new set of problems and imposed a new relationship on those who set out jointly to solve them. We no longer hold dominion over palm and pine. We are not for that reason in less danger of forgetting the need for a humble and a contrite heart.

The new internationalism has more than the arrogance of the old imperialism, and differs in having very much less reason for pride. Today we address hectoring remonstrances to every nation which differs from us in religion or politics without the saving grace of being ready to assume the responsibility of imposing our will on those whose policies we desire to subvert. Kipling's creed assumed a civilising mission divinely ordained and to be discharged only by divine guidance. Translated into terms not of English economic imperialism but of European Christian civilisation, it is a creed of which the world today is in sore need. Stripped of its contemporary associations, sometimes vulgar and occasionally worse, Kipling's creed is fundamentally true. Many of our contemporaries will not return to Kipling till the inexorable logic of events has taught them that peace can only be built on justice, and that justice can only rest on authority, and that authority cannot be based on the equal rights of all men or all nations regardless of their abilities or morality.

Till then Rudyard Kipling will remain in honour as an incomparable story-teller for children. Only when the children grow up will he be recognised again for what he was—a great Englishman.

# Foreign Affairs

*By Wilfrid Hindle*

THERE are two main schools of thought about the League of Nations. In the one the League appears as a means of substituting the reign of law for the presumed anarchy of unrestricted competition among the nations ; in the other the League appears as a means of stabilising and maintaining the economic and territorial divisions created by the Peace Treaties. In so far as so individual a mind can be fitted into any category, Mr. Douglas Jerrold belongs to the latter school. He has lately expressed its views in a brilliant tract against the League which bears the somewhat misleading title of *They that take the Sword* (Lane, 6*s*.).

*They that take the Sword* is unique among criticisms of the League by virtue of the fact that it follows the simple (and universally neglected) process of return to first principles. On these first principles Mr. Jerrold condemns the League. The League in his view has no moral basis ; on the contrary it repudiates moral bases by refusing to concern itself with the internal affairs of the States which are its members. Yet, without this moral basis, which in Mr. Jerrold's view all human institutions must have, the politicians of 1918 constructed a League which was in effect a closed political system. Moreover, even on purely practical grounds the system is defective. For the politician, who at home is subject to criticism and control by Parliament, is at Geneva free to act without the restraint that any executive should suffer. As one result, " the only consequence of the League's existence to the man in the street is that he stands the risk of being forced, in the name of peace, into some war or military alliance by an alleged representative who is merely, in fact, one of his own politicians who has temporarily broken loose from the control of the House of Commons." The remedy is, not to attempt to create a world state which has no sure basis in a common world civilisation, but to return to the principles of

Christianity and individualism and to base on them a moral order limited to those nations which " subscribe to a common morality."

**The Average and the Exception**

FROM the idealistic standpoint Mr. Jerrold's arguments—to which I have done much less than justice—are unassailable. It is obvious that if the nations of the world are agreed upon a moral code, there will be little need of a League of Nations to interpret or enforce it; and in fact some of them are, tacitly, agreed upon a moral code to which they do the indirect homage of attempting to justify their departures from it.

But even if that moral code were explicitly, as well as tacitly, agreed, would it be enough? In the international, as well as in the national, sphere, the purpose of law and law enforcement is surely not to compel the average individual nation or citizen to obey a rule which he or it obeys instinctively, but to prevent the exceptional nation or citizen from disturbing the others by its or his exceptional action. In crude terms, capital punishment is not intended to compel the average citizen to refrain from murdering his neighbour for the sufficient reason that the average citizen would in any normal case refrain from murdering his neighbour. The purpose of capital punishment is to deter the exceptional citizen from disturbing the even tenour of the nation's life by murdering his neighbours.

**Community within the Nations**

WHY, then, is it that the reign of law, which is accepted within the nations, has so frequently failed between the nations? Because the reign of law within the nations is based on psychological community, of belief, of interest, of desire, and that community strengthened in the last resort by the physical force with which the law has been invested. Between the nations there is not the same community of belief and interest and desire, nor, if there were that com-

munity, any physical means for its enforcement. There is not complete community of thought between the Englishman and the Shaman of Siberia; even if there were, the League of Nations of which both their countries are members has no police with which to enforce similar community on, say, the Patagonian Indian.

But if there is not *perfect* community between the nations, there is practical community between some nations. And it is at this point (if I understand him aright) that Mr. Jerrold would make common cause with those critics of the League who find it no more than an instrument for the maintenance of the *status quo*. For in maintaining the economic and territorial divisions of the world which were laid down by the politicians of 1918, the League Powers base their action not, certainly, on the moral right on which some nations might be agreed, but on legalistic principles about which they are most emphatically not agreed. In this matter they have no argument of common desire. In this matter, as in others, they have no physical means of enforcing common desire if common desire existed. In this matter, therefore, they must fail.

**Has the League a Future?**

BUT does that mean that the League must fail in all matters? Does it mean that the dreams of Sully, of the Abbé de St. Pierre, of William Penn, of Tsar Alexander II, of Woodrow Wilson and General Smuts must never be realised? Does it mean that the world must return to what has been called the international anarchy of 1910-1914?

Any honest answers to these questions must be varied. To the last the answer might be a counter-question as to whether in fact there was more international anarchy before or after the creation of the League; to the second that "never" is a long time and that the world known, for example, to Penn was smaller than the world of today; to the first that in

some (mainly non-political) matters the League has most admirably succeeded. To all three questions there is a suggestion of an answer in the fact that the nations of the world spend about .01 per cent of their total revenue on the League.

Morally there may be no future for a League of Nations whose very Covenant is part of a Peace Treaty other parts of which have since been repudiated by consent of both victors and vanquished. But that is not to say that a League of Nations differently constituted may not prove enduring. In which connection it is pertinent to recall a certain Article Nineteen of the League Covenant which provides, however inadequately, for revision of treaties. Practically, there may be no hope for a world League when the United States has refused to join, and Argentina, Brazil, Germany, Japan have at various times left the nearest approach to a world League that the world has ever seen. But that is not to say that there may not be a future for a League which does not pretend to world-wide scope.

**The League's Mistakes**

THE mistakes of the League have been many, but mainly four. The first was to assume—a natural enough assumption in 1918, when the principal Powers of Europe, America and Asia were for the moment at one—that there was greater community of spirit between the physically disparate nations of the world than in fact there is. The next was to place upon the League, effectively if not always explicitly, the responsibility for maintenance of territorial and other provisions whose foundation was not moral community but the (perhaps natural) desire of the victors to recover some of their losses from the vanquished. The third was to defy both good sense and the democratic principle for which the contrivers of the League Covenant in theory stood by giving equal powers in debate and decision to nations great and small, uncivilised and civilised. The last, and

gravest, was to impose upon members of the League international obligations of unlimited scope.

The last mistake might have proved, may still prove, fatal. In its intervention in the Italian-Abyssinian dispute the League has acted on a simplified basis of moral right which has not been reconciled with pre-League rights and which none of the Great Powers in the League can claim as its own unless it first denies its own past and recent history. The ideological result has been to bring into question the premises on which the League was founded. The practical result has been to endanger European peace.

Should European peace be broken, then the future of the League will be a question of remote importance. But should the Italian-Abyssinian war be ended, as seems possible, by factors beyond League control, then the future of the League, (and more particularly Britain's future relation to the League), will remain to be decided. How it is to be decided is a question which can only be answered by a series of further questions.

*Is a League which is not worldwide in its scope likely to be of any greater value than regional alliances would be? Is a League, worldwide or not, likely to be of use unless and until the inequalities of the Peace Treaties—inequalities towards the victors as well as towards the vanquished—have been rectified? Is such rectification desirable, and, if desirable, practicable?*

*Would the smaller League Powers be willing to forgo the theoretical equality in Assembly with the greater League Powers which the Constitution of the League gives them?*

*If these three questions were to be satisfactorily answered, would it be desirable to enhance the moral authority the League might have by the addition of physical authority, by the addition, that is, of armed force? If it were possible to give the League physical authority, would it be desirable to do so?*

# Kingship in Britain

*By Edward Hale*

KING GEORGE V's reign was remarkable, as Lord Tweedsmuir recently reminded us, for a transition in popular feeling from "The King's Majesty" to "The King's Grace." There was good sense in this reversion to older usage. Majesty implies the power of brute strength, grace the power of sweet reason. If the character of George V had to be summed up in one of these two attributes, it would be in sweet reason that the summing would be. That this is so would be admitted even by the half dozen republicans among the forty million Britons in the United Kingdom.

Some of the reverence in which kingship is held in Britain was, of course, due to the personal character of the king who has just died. Both before and after his accession to the throne, he gave in his private life an example of those solid and essentially middle-class virtues which are cherished by an essentially middle-class people. He worked hard and lived simply. He was the devoted father of a devoted family. His intellectual tastes were the intellectual tastes of his people. His recreations were their favoured recreations. He had their dignity in bearing and their moderation in action. Not least, he had, like them, a fine feeling for those ceremonies and emblems of royalty which are sometimes mistakenly believed to be of especial appeal only to the Oriental.

But these private virtues were only a minor element in public esteem. To take examples from our own country, Charles I had them; and was beheaded. Edward VII lacked some of them; and was widely popular. To take examples from other countries, the last Tsar of Russia had them; and died a tragic death. The first King Leopold of the Belgians lacked them, and was esteemed by his subjects.

What made the private virtues of King George so potent a factor in creating "the divinity that doth hedge

about a king " was the fact that they were but a reflection of public virtues. Nor were these public virtues only in the formal acts of office, common to Presidents as well as to kings. They were apparent also in the exercise of public power.

There is probably no office in the world so devoid of apparent and so full of real power as the kingship of Britain. There is certainly none in which the exercise of power demands greater wisdom. In Britain the King is legally the source of all executive authority. It is the King who summons and dissolves Parliament. It is the King who appoints Ministers of State. The King's sanction is necessary before a Bill passed by both Houses of Parliament can become an Act.

In practice this supreme authority is exercised according to rules which have evolved through the centuries. Parliament is summoned at fixed times. It is dissolved at fixed times or on the advice of Ministers. Ministers are appointed from the majority party in the House of Commons or from a majority coalition of minority parties. Not once since the Restoration has the Royal Assent been refused to a Bill passed by both Houses of Parliament.

But the power, though dormant, is there. And it is by the use King George made, or refused to make, of it that the prestige of kingship in Britain grew in his reign. His wisdom in this respect was tested almost before he had ascended the throne. There was a then fierce, now almost forgotten, controversy over the objections made by a predominantly Conservative House of Lords to changes initiated by a predominantly Liberal House of Commons. It was the kind of controversy which in France, as the history of the two years just passed has shown, would have provoked a threat of civil war. It was settled in Britain by a promise of the King to create, if necessary, a sufficient number of new peers to overcome opposition in the House of Lords. It was an object-lesson in the virtues of a flexible constitution.

It was also an object-lesson in the virtues of King George. A political wrangle was prevented from becoming more because the King followed, in the most strict manner possible, the spirit of the Constitution.

The Parliament Bill wrangle was an example of the King's political good sense. An example of something greater, his political wisdom, was given more recently in a crisis of equal magnitude. In 1931 a Labour Government resigned office in Britain after an official commission had recommended economies in administration which some of the members of the government were unable to approve. Had he followed strict constitutional practice, the King would then either have dissolved Parliament or called upon the leader of the Conservative Party to form a new government. The first alternative would have had substantially the same result as the second, since a general election would certainly have returned a Conservative majority. In either case extreme bitterness would have ensued, for it was felt by Labour partisans—whether rightly or wrongly is now immaterial—that their government had been manœuvred out of office by vested interests.

In these difficult circumstances, circumstances quite as difficult as were those of the Parliament Bill, a National Government was formed by a coalition of all the parties willing to enter it. It is the general belief that in forming this National Government it was not the King who acted upon the advice of his Prime Minister, but the Prime Minister who acted upon the advice of his King. The National Government was criticised then, and has been much more criticised since from both sides. But that it responded to the wishes of the people at the time was evident from the landslide in its favour at the general election which followed close upon its formation. The King was a better representative of public opinion than his Parliament.

King George had personal probity, political good sense, political wisdom. Those qualities were sufficient

reason for the high esteem in which he was personally held. They were not a full explanation of the high esteem felt throughout Britain for the office he filled. For a Frenchman the supreme test of any form of government is its conformity with a given principle. For an Englishman the supreme test of any form of government is whether "it works." Kingship in Britain "works." More, it works well. There are countries in which a particular aspect of government is more satisfactory than in Britain. There is none in which government as a whole is better. And to find countries in which government as a whole is as good to his eyes as in Britain, the Englishman turns not to the republics of the modern world, but to the kingdoms of Scandinavia and Belgium.

Kingship "works." That axiom has been the justification of kingship in Britain for two centuries. In the reign of King George V another and equally potent justification was added to it.

The King of England is "King of all the Britains." He is King, that is, of the British colonies and of the Dominions of Australia, Canada, India, the Irish Free State, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as of England, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales. What that means the growth of Dominion nationalism in the post-war years has made abundantly clear. The Dominion Parliaments —with the exception of the Indian Parliament, which is now in partial transition towards a partially similar state—are now as sovereign as the British Parliament within their own spheres. Three of the Dominions—Australia, Canada and South Africa—appoint their own diplomatic representatives to countries in which they have special interests, and three—Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—separately, and independently of the Mother Country, hold territories under mandate from the League of Nations. All make treaties independently of the Mother Country, and, as in the case of Locarno, abstain from making treaties along with the Mother

Country when they consider it to their interest to do so. All, in the words of the definition proposed by Lord Balfour to the Imperial Conference of 1926, are " autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs." Even the " British Empire " is going from common speech and is becoming the " British Commonwealth of Nations."

But between these " autonomous communities, equal in status," there remains one link besides the link of common blood and common heritage. They are, to complete Lord Balfour's definition, " united by a common allegiance to the Crown." That, today, is almost their only formal bond of union. It is a weak bond to the logical mind of the Latin, the strongest of all bonds to the pragmatic mind of the Englishman. It made King George, " King of all the Britains," the father of a scattered but united family. It makes of British kingship an office whose grace is all-important for the future progress of the world. It makes of King Edward VIII, who has now succeeded his father on the throne, one of the strongest hopes for peace in a troubled world.

# Rudyard Kipling

*By Hugh Kingsmill*

LIBERAL idealism was falling rapidly into decay in England during the last decades of the nineteenth century, and, in the mistaken belief that individualism had been tried and found wanting, large numbers of persons were ready to be regimented into a richer and happier existence. Some of these persons were Socialists, and dreamed of universal peace; others were Imperialists and echoed Stevenson's "Shall we never shed blood?" But at bottom their desire was the same: to escape from themselves in collective action, and the years have brought them together. In 1896 Bernard Shaw and Rudyard Kipling seemed to be divided by an impassable gulf. In 1936 Stalin and Mussolini could change places without any benefit either to Moscow or Rome.

The dominant note in Kipling's work was prostration before the idea of the community, and a correspondingly strong mistrust and hostility towards the individual.

> You must sacrifice yourself [Dick Heldar, Kipling's mouthpiece, says in *The Light that Failed*], live under orders, and never think for yourself, and never have real satisfaction in your work, except just at the beginning, when you're reaching out after a notion.....I began to understand that men and women were only material to work with, and that what they said or did was of no consequence.

To the question who gives the orders under which men and women must live, Kipling does not supply an answer. He accepts the collective instinct of the herd—what he calls "the law of the pack"—as infallible, and he regrets that man does not accept this law as unquestioningly as the animals.

> The poor brute man [he writes] an imperfectly denatured animal intermittently subject to the unpredictable reactions of an unlocated spiritual are.

The law of the pack does not allow for unpredictable reactions. Singularity is an offence against the herd. Even in *If*, Kipling's portrait of his ideal man, he warns

his hero against differentiating himself from the mob by looking too good or talking too wise.

With machines, as even more predictable than animals, Kipling always felt at his ease, after he had invested them with enough personality to make them companionable, and not enough to make them capricious, Why, he makes his Scotch engineer ask, is there no Burns to redeem the world from the poetry which deals with the love of man for woman ?

*Why don't poets tell ?*
*I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—*
*Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam !.....*

A man's preference for machines and animals to human beings is in essence fear and mistrust of himself. When Dick Heldar loses his eyesight, he cannot face life, which has only been bearable to him for the sights which in his travels have distracted his mind from himself. His friends take him to the Sudan, and he is killed by a stray bullet while listening to the slaughter of some natives who have imprudently attacked an armoured train.

Dick stretched himself on the floor (of the train), wild with delight at the sounds and the smells. " God is very good—I never thought I'd hear this again. Give 'em hell, men ! Oh, give 'em hell," he cried.

The savagery, here, and elsewhere in Kipling, is not the brutality of a crude and vigorous person, but the attempt of an unhappy nature to forget its own sufferings in the spectacle of the sufferings of others. Kipling is always an observer, never himself an actor. He is the man, or in *Stalky*, the boy, who watches others inflict punishment. In *My Sunday At Home* he narrates how a navvy is given an emetic by a doctor who mistakenly believes that the navvy has swallowed poison. It is an amusing story to those who are amused by the spectacle of a Good Samaritan being pummelled half to death by the object of his compassion, but what is most interesting

in it is that the narrator feels no impulse to come to the doctor's rescue.

> The matter seemed to me so purely personal that I withdrew to a strategic distance on the overhead bridge, and, abiding in the exact centre, looked on from afar.

In *The Mutiny of the Mavericks*, though Kipling does not appear in person, one has a very vivid impression of him looking on from afar. It is the story of an anarchist who joins an Irish regiment in India to stir up trouble. He is taken into action by two tommies, who

> kept themselves in the neighbourhood of Mulcahy. Twice the man would have bolted back in the confusion. Twice he was heaved, kicked, and shouldered back again into the unpaintable inferno of a hotly contested charge. At the end, the panic excess of his fear drove him into madness.....His eyes staring at nothing, his mouth open and frothing, and breathing as one in a cold bath, he went forward demented.

The story ends with one of the tommies being asked by the other if he would have shot Mulcahy, had he returned alive, and replying : " I doubt I wud bekase of the fun he gave us."

Another sign, less obvious but equally significant, of something warped in Kipling's nature is his caste feeling. Although he wrote :

> *It is enough that through Thy grace*
> *I saw naught common on Thy earth,*

his work is congested with the barriers he raises against " the lesser breeds without the law," among whom at one time or another he included Russians, Americans and Germans, to say nothing of such lesser sub-divisions of humanity as M.P.s travelling India, Fenians and pacifists. Much as he valued knowledge in general, he seems to have valued inside knowledge more, for the sense of superiority it gave him. His praise of the Empire is addressed rather to those who have never left Tooting than to those who have never left Rhodesia or the Western Provinces of Canada, and when he asked " What should they know of England, who only England

know ? " the simple English public, instead of replying " More than enough," hung their heads in shame.

His own knowledge of England, as opposed to his poetic feeling for it, was superficial. Rich and famous by twenty-five, he saw England in the mellow light in which a country appears to someone sheltered from the buffets of life :

*Take of English earth as much*
*As either hand may rightly clutch.*
*In the taking of it breathe*
*Prayer for all who lie beneath—*
*Lay that earth upon your heart*
*And your sickness shall depart.*

All which was deepest in him and which, had his nature been more happily organised, would have made him a great poet, was touched by his love of the English country. In *My Sunday At Home*, between the convulsions of the navvy and the groans of the doctor, Kipling looks out over the countryside :

It was the very point of perfection of an English May-day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face towards the peace of the coming night.....A light puff of wind—it scattered flakes of may over the gleaming rails—gave me a faint whiff as it might have been of fresh cocoanut, and I knew that the golden gorse was in bloom somewhere out of sight.

In this landscape, as its best ornament, Kipling places Georgie, the Brushwood Boy. Georgie belongs to a county family, is keen on the tone of his school, drops his g's, is a first-rate regimental officer, is unaware of the adoration he inspires in women, and when he comes home on leave reduces the housekeeper to tears of ecstasy and causes profound emotion among the men staff, from the butler down to the under-keeper. To this projection of his ideal man Kipling gives the dreams in which he himself escaped from the herd, from the tumult about nothing and the shouting about everything :

*Over the edge of the purple down,*
*Where the single lamplight gleams,*

*Know ye the road to Merciful Town*
*That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—*
*Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,*
*And the sick may forget to weep?*
*But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!—*
*We wakeful; ah, pity us!*
*We must go back with Policeman Day—*
*Back from the city of Sleep.*

This is not great or even good poetry, for the dream world which Kipling creates in *The Brushwood Boy* is fanciful, not imaginative, an attempt to console himself for his waking life, not an image of its hidden significance. But the verses are touching in their revelation of his shrinking from the daytime, and in the pity for the poor and sick which, as the fugleman of the herd, he had to keep to himself. Like all divided natures he was frightened of life, and his best work was either the expression of this terror, as in the marvellous description of the mad visions of the tortured soldier in *The Man who would be King*, or an evocation of some distant refuge from life :

*Ah, it's there that I would be*
*By the old Moulmein pagoda*
*Lookin' lazy at the sea.*

As he shrank from understanding himself, he was unable to understand others. The characters in his stories are not real persons. They are puppets through whom Kipling ventriloquises the sentiments proper, in his view, to their place in the social hierarchy. The Brushwood Boy keeps the ten commandments as he will later keep a butler. Mulvaney breaks the ten commandments because a poor man must have some fun to make up for not having anything else. Otherwise he might become restless. He praised a realistic acceptance of life, celebrating " The great God Dungara, the God of Things as They Are, Most Terrible, One-Eyed, Bearing the Red Elephant Tusk," but a realist would have found a less

odd-looking creature in which to embody his sense of reality. What Kipling in his heart felt about the God of Things as They Are, how bitterly he rebelled against a scheme of things in which he could see no purpose and no pity, appears in the simplest and most moving of his stories, *Without Benefit of Clergy*. In this story an Indian civilian, John Holden, who talks and acts without any of the mannerisms of Kipling's other characters, loses his Indian mistress and the child she had borne him, and as he rides back to his quarters he puts his hands before his eyes and mutters—"Oh, you brute! You utter brute!"

This was the end instead of the beginning of Kipling's search for such understanding of the nature of things as can be attained in this world. His experiences in South Africa as a war correspondent, when for the first time he saw war at close quarters, confirmed him in his feeling against life, but instead of transmuting his rebellion into patience and sympathy he pressed deeper than before into the refuge of collective emotionalism, and began to preach Imperialism directly and explicitly.

English emotionalism about the Empire, at its height in the late nineties, was cooling before the war, and since the war has been extinct in its old fantastic form. Kipling made no attempt to revive it. Reserved and withdrawn in his personal life, he allowed his popularity to wax and wane without any interference from himself. His greatest qualities were his dignity and his sincerity, of which there is an interesting instance in the recently published diaries of John Bailey, under the date March 27, 1919:

> Dined at the Club. Kipling told us that he had been struck with the numbers of Colonial soldiers who felt that they had for the first time been in a world which was full of life, of incidents, of variety, of memories of art and history—and who felt that they would never again be able to stay content in Australia or Canada, with nothing great in them but space.

It was plucky of Kipling to quote these sentiments, subversive of everything he had preached in his youth,

but they probably did not pierce deep, for to the last he kept self-criticism and self-examination at bay. Not quite two years ago he published a short story, *Proofs of Holy Writ*, in which he gave, through Shakespeare's mouth, his own philosophy of life and art. The story shows Shakespeare working on a passage in Isaiah sent him for revision by one of the clerical translators of the Authorised Version. Ben Jonson is with him in his Stratford orchard while he shapes the passage, and they talk together, Ben Jonson full of his grievances and the importance of his art, Shakespeare genially contemptuous of Ben. "I am not yet ass enough," Shakespeare says, "to hawk up my private spites before the groundlings," and, as for art, the mob "pay their penny for pleasure." His own works, it appears, were written without any reference to his own feelings. *King Lear* was clapped up as a vomit for Burbage, when "poor Dick was at odds with the world in general and womenkind in special." The emetic having done its work, "I served him my *Macbeth* to toughen him." The clergyman whom he is helping with Isaiah, Shakespeare tells Ben, was moved by some lines in "Dick's part" (Macbeth), seeing in them a parable of himself "going down darkling to his tomb, 'twixt cliffs of ice and iron." Jonson, struck by this phrase, which is certainly Kipling at his best, says that he knows no lines by Shakespeare of that quality, and Shakespeare quotes "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

Lear is divided between love and power, and turns at the last from power to love—"No, no, no, no, come, let's away to prison." Macbeth is increasingly entangled in the assertion of the will, and is suffocated at last in the vacuum of a life drained of its essence—"A tale told by an idiot.....signifying nothing." The chord which Macbeth struck in Kipling shows the depth of his feeling, his disgust at the vomit of Lear explains the narrow limits of his achievement.

# A Difficult Romance

*By Ruth Manning-Sanders*

BOTH the sisters had high foreheads and fair hair, but there the likeness between them ended. Ann, the elder, was square built and strong, Margaret, the younger, slender and exceptionally attractive. Ann was shy, she took life earnestly and was subject to gusty outbursts, both of temper and wild spirits. Margaret was friendly, light-hearted and easy to manage. They were reared in a red brick semi-detached villa in a suburb of a smoky northern town where their father, Joseph Hough, owned a cotton mill.

Every morning, except Sunday, Mrs. Hough woke at six and pulled vigorously at the red corded bell-rope that dangled over the ornamental brass railing at her head. Every morning the servant, sleeping in the attic with her mouth open, leaped shaking on to the little faded mat beside her bed. Every morning at seven Mrs. Hough in black and white print dress and starched apron, with her hair combed back from her broad face, bustled into the sisters' room and drew up the venetian blind with a disturbing rattle. Every morning at a quarter to eight she carried the bacon and toast into the dining room and the family sat down to breakfast. At a quarter past eight Mr. Hough, suffering from headache, took his hat and umbrella from the hall stand, kissed his wife and set out for the warehouse. At half past eight the sisters, dressed in sailor suits and man-of-war caps with silk ribbons, stood at the hall door with their school bags over their shoulders.

From the doorway Mrs. Hough watched them walk down the asphalt path to the iron gate. Then she called them back.

"Ann, don't fling your body about like that, you're not a lad."

Ann wished she was. She frowned; she had been puzzling all the morning over something that Margaret

had whispered to her in the dark last night. She thought of it now and scraped her shoe on the smooth yellow step. She thought Margaret ought not to have whispered, she thought she ought not to have listened, she wondered what it meant. Margaret seemed to know and Margaret was two years younger. She felt she was very stupid. She pondered deeply, her mother's voice clattering in her ear.

"My goodness child, you're not listening."

"I am," said Ann mechanically.

"Stop messing up the clean step—do you hear?"

Ann's foggy thoughts scattered, she became suddenly conscious of her errant foot. Margaret giggled. "Hurry along now and behave," said Mrs. Hough. Ann walked sulkily to the gate and stamped her way defiantly through the villa-bordered roads. Margaret jumped and chattered by her side, and swung herself round the lamp posts, Once, tiptoeing, she rang a bell set in a high brown gate and squealed at Ann to run. Ann went on unheeding, stamping her feet, pondering. She was too proud to ask Margaret what she meant; besides Margaret ought not to have told her. When, two days later, the meaning dawned on her she cried, and kneeling by the bedside said on behalf of Margaret and herself a prayer that was defiant and miserable and full of reproaches to God for allowing such things to be.

On Saturdays the sisters put on white frocks and went to dancing class; on Sundays they put on grey frocks and black hats and went to the Swedenborgian church.

Ann knelt with shut eyes trying to follow the words of the prayer. She prayed to Christ, seeing him at the end of a purpled coloured darkness. He had a hard golden halo and a brown beard, and as long as the face remained that of Christ she prayed vehemently and with confidence. But sometimes it turned into the face of her favourite doll, and once despite her terror and contrition it put out its tongue. That morning she was too ashamed to

open her mouth ; standing on her hassock for the hymns, and hearing Margaret's voice singing clear and shrill, Ann stared fiercely into vacancy and thought she would never go to heaven. God would let Margaret in because Margaret was amiable and always got what she wanted. Saint Peter would give her a halo at the gate as soon as she asked for it, because Margaret was so pretty. Ann scorned prettiness because it did not last. Then she remembered that God also must scorn prettiness and soon it was she who entered heaven, sternly, with hard gold halo, whilst Margaret, old and shrivelled and foolish, wept outside.

On New Year's eve, when Ann was twelve and Margaret ten, they were invited to a party. Mrs. Hough tied Margaret's long hair back from her face with a piece of blue ribbon, whilst Margaret, her hands pink with cold, stood shivering and smiling into the looking glass, her eyes big with admiration of her new silk frock. Her mother smiled too and kissed her. " You'll do, go down now and sit by the fire, and don't move. Where's that Ann ? "

Ann was in the bathroom. Her hair being short and curly had been washed for the party. She sat on the edge of the bath rubbing her head fiercely with a towel. Her hair stood out round her small face like wisps of hay ; she was frowning as she often did. When her mother came in she began to swing her legs and hum.

" Now Ann, look sharp."

" I don't want to go."

" Nonsense, you'll like it well enough."

" I won't : I'll hate it."

In the cab the sisters sat side by side, holding little white feather fans in one hand and brown holland slipper bags in the other. The rumble of the wheels and the musty smell of the upholstery made Margaret want to sing. She peeped out of the window at the foggy lamplit streets and wriggled about on the seat. Then she laughed, put down her slipper bag and clapped her hands.

"Oh, Ann!"

Against the dark concave of the back of the cab, Ann's head with its shining curls and candid blue eyes showed stern as a young angel's. She sat leaning a little forward, her hands on her lap; she was still humming to herself. She didn't want to go, she knew how it would be, she was jealous of Margaret. Margaret had a mouth that everyone wanted to kiss, it was long and smiling and turned up at the corners. Ann hated kissing; at the thought she shut her mouth so firmly that her lips made a thin line like a slit cut with a penknife. Margaret had a chin like an elf's. Margaret had masses of hair that fell to her waist. Margaret was sweet-tempered and loved Ann; Ann thought she did not love Margaret. The thought made her feel wicked and angry with Margaret.

The bedroom where they took off their wraps was full of little girls, laughing and whispering and peeping in the mirror. They combed their hair and stood one behind another, twisting until they could see the backs of their frocks. Margaret twirled herself out of her fleecy shawl and hopped about the room chattering to the girls she knew. Ann sat on a chair in a corner and jerked her white slippers out of the holland bag. She felt shy; when she stopped to pull on the right-hand slipper, she put the heel of her left foot on the handle of her fan and snapped it.

"Oh here, look what Ann's done!"

The little girls circled her, fluttering and chirruping like a flock of linnets.

"It doesn't matter," she said in a cold voice, her heart like a black pit.

"Oh Ann, what a shame—have mine!"

"It doesn't matter, thank you, Margaret," She wanted to jump on the fan and smash it again, smash it until the handle was in tiny bits, and the stupid white feathers scattered in all directions. If she had been at home she would have done this, but as it was she pushed the broken thing away into the slipper bag and followed

the other little girls down stairs.

The dining room was hung with coloured lanterns, and a row of candles in silver candlesticks blazed down the middle of the long table. The tiny flames were reflected in smooth jellies and in the hard transparent paper on the crackers. Ann cried "oh" very loud. then felt abashed and sat down without a word.

By her side was a boy with long fingers. She noticed the fingers first because she didn't dare to look at his face. She sat swinging her legs and watching the candles, humming to herself. The children talked quietly, grown-up people moved round the table making little jokes and handing the food. Someone lowered a plate of sandwiches in front of Ann. She took one, said "thank you," laid it on her plate, and went on watching the candles and humming to herself.

"Why don't you eat?"

Ann's face grew red. With grave eyes she looked at the boy on her right. He had a nice voice and a nice face, rather like a pale ostrich. He was smiling at her. Ann smiled too. "I like the candles."

"So do I."

Ann told him her name and where she lived and ate jelly and felt happy. When they began pulling crackers she threw back her head and laughed. The boy put a green crown on her head, she made a face at him and stood on her chair to look at herself in the mirror. There was a great noise in the room, children were shouting and blowing whistles and little mouth organs; they all had coloured paper caps on their heads, the door was open and some of them were already moving out. Ann, standing squarely on the chair under the coloured lanterns, watched through the mirror. She liked her face in its green crown up there above all the others. She clapped her hands, gave a whoop of joy and jumped off the chair. She jumped so recklessly that the chair fell over. A lady in a brown silk dress picked it up and spoke disapprovingly. Ann's face burned, the coloured

caps and jumping children disappeared behind a mist, she wanted to creep under the table. She wondered if the boy with the nice voice was laughing. She set her teeth hard, hummed and walked jauntily as she followed the other children out of the room.

In the drawing room a waltz was being played and the children had begun to dance, Margaret on the tips of her toes was spinning round by herself, her eyes wide, a bright spot of colour in each cheek. As Ann, still abashed by the memory of her clumsiness, stood trying to hide behind the piano, she saw the boy with the nice voice hurry over to Margaret.

"Jumping Joan dance with me."

Margaret laughed, held up her hands and pirouetted away with him.

Ann stood beside the piano. She was frowning so that nobody asked her to dance. When the waltz was over Margaret and the boy sat side by side on the sofa. They were both smiling. Margaret looked down and opened and shut the fluffy white fan on her knee. The boy put his hand over hers and took the fan. He waved it to and fro under her face gravely, and the draught lifted her long bright hair. She looked up at him from under her lashes, coquetting.

At that moment Ann, her square body hunched against the side of the piano, knew that she hated Margaret. Ann never looked sideways from under her lashes ; she looked uncompromisingly straight even when she was shyest, scowling furiously when ill at ease. She despised flirts, she despised Margaret now. She walked over to a little table, took a book and sat in the window seat, her feet on a blue cushion, her elbow on her knee, her back to the room.

When the dancing began again, the lady in the brown silk dress brought up a stolid boy with black hair.

"Ann my dear, here's a partner for you." She strutted away on her high heels.

Ann, her chin on her fist, did not look up. The boy

stood in front of her waiting helplessly. By and by he drifted away. Other children came up. Ann grunted her answers to their questions without looking at them. By and by they also left her alone. She read on and on defiantly, growing all the time more miserably shy and more incapable of doing anything but read on and on.

"Why don't you dance?"

"Ann's face grew fiery red; the boy with the nice voice was standing at her side.

"I don't want to."

"Yes you do, come and dance with me."

"I don't want to, thank you."

"Come!"

He pulled gently at the stubborn forearm that made a pillar for the moody little face. All Ann's shyness, misery and contempt leaped together into a flame of rage. How dare he—how dare he? Her right hand flew out and slapped viciously at his face.

She jumped down from the window seat, her throat shaking with sobs and ran blindly across the room, jostled by the dancers. Through the lighted hall she ran and up the stairs, her hands spread before her; along the landing and into the bedroom where the gas, turned low, made horrible shapes of the cloaks and shawls heaped upon the bed. They frightened her, she felt mad, she dragged a pile of them on to the floor, hid herself under them and screamed, her mouth tight shut, her fingers kneading the softness of wool that set her teeth on edge.

When, an hour or two later, a troop of little girls ran upstairs to put on their wraps, Ann, swathed in her own shawl, was sitting on the edge of the bed, perfectly composed, watching the blue bead of light inside the gas globe, swinging her legs, humming to herself.

* * *

The sisters left school at the same time. Margaret, indifferent as to what she did, but conscious that any career was preferable to staying at home and helping her mother polish the brass, decided to take up illustrating.

There was a large school of art in the town and every morning Margaret, stepping out of the red brick villa as eagerly as a singing bird from a cage, left the house at half past nine. Every morning her mother, dressed in print and white starched apron, stood in the doorway to watch her go and warn her not to soil the step. Ann, trying to be dutiful, and thinking to save the family the expense of a servant, polished the brass and spoilt the dinner and swept the rooms with discontent in her heart for three months, and then after tears and prayers and a sleepless night went back to the high school to train as a kindergarten mistress. Every morning with a great load of books under her arm she waited at the bottom of the stairs for Mr. Hough to take his hat and umbrella from the hall stand.

"I have a headache this morning, Ann," Mr. Hough would say as they set out.

And Ann would mutter, "I'm sorry."

Then Mr. Hough would look at the sky. "But the rain's cleared away—perhaps I needn't have brought this umbrella," or "it's clouding over again, there'll be rain, Ann, don't you think so?"

After this they would walk in silence to the tram, as uncommunicative and as little known to each other as the paving stones on which they trod.

Whilst still Margaret's flaxen plait hung down her back she fell in love with a fellowstudent, a designer of stained glass windows, and when she was twenty she married him and went to live in a studio in Chelsea.

Ann disapproved of her brother-in-law but she revelled in the romance of the courtship, which after all was suburban in character, spent in small drawing rooms or at the corners of laburnum-bordered roads. But all life was like that for the Hough family, and Ann, the stern young moralist, who scourged her personal emotions until they crept to hide themselves in dark corners, found relief in a literary worship of Charles II, in singing Scotch ballads and in such legitimate romances as this of

Margaret's.

Ann disapproved of her brother-in-law because of his loose reasoning about love. She had never trusted him since the evening he had told her it was possible to love more than one woman. When he said it she had got up and walked out of the room, feeling that she had listened to a betrayal of Margaret. That evening she sat cross-legged on Margaret's bed and told her. She was miserable, her stern idealism made her believe that Margaret's happiness would be ruined by the news, she forgot that she had always been jealous of her sister.

Margaret, sitting up in filmy nightgown—Margaret's underclothes were a source of scandal to Mrs. Hough and of contempt to Ann—laughed easily.

"That's all right Ann, he's told me so himself, you don't understand."

Ann marched away to her own room, indignant and bewildered. Swedenborg said—and Swedenborg could not lie because he obtained his knowledge direct from heaven—Swedenborg said that for every soul, somewhere in the universe there existed just one other soul, they two, male and female, thrilling towards each other for perhaps thousands of years, but uniting at last to experience the intense and everlasting bliss of a communion that never palled. How then, unless Swedenborg was wrong, dared a man say he could love more than one woman, or a woman laugh when she heard of it? Could Swedenborg be wrong? She knelt and prayed, seeing God at the end of a purple darkness, and in five minutes had forgotten Margaret and her lover in contemplation of the conjugal ecstasy that awaited the pure in heart.

After Margaret married, Ann got a post as head of a school just opened in one of the poor districts of the town, where fifty little children had their poverty and dirt hidden away under blue overalls for a few hours daily. Every morning at a quarter past eight she walked to the tram with Mr. Hough. On Saturday afternoons she walked on the outskirts of the town in fields where

the trees had black trunks and the mists gathered early. There she collected specimens for her lessons—beetles and leaf buds and seeds of flowers. She made no friends and no one visited the villa except an old deaf sister of Mr. Hough's and, occasionally the minister.

On Sundays Ann put on a blue dress and a little black hat with blue flowers in it and went to the Swedenborgian church. She went now because she wanted to. Her religion was an adventure, perilous and intense. Outwardly her small square body, with its fair curls, angelic eyes and determined jaw, moved monotonously between the villa in the suburb, the school in the drab slum and the church in the high street. Inwardly her soul journeyed through craggy ways, beset by devils, illuminated by angels, resounding with the voice of God.

Both the outward monotony and the inner pilgrimage were made endurable to Ann by the thought of the yearly summer holiday. It was a paradise glowing both at the end of the drab streets and among the dark heights of her soul's endeavour. Here body and soul might rest in beauty for a space and rest unquestioning. Ann loved the country with the unreasoning intensity of the suburb dweller, and she took her holiday by herself so that no complicated sense of duty should interfere with the pagan joy of sheer living.

The summer that she was twenty-five she settled the place of her holiday at random one moonlight evening in Spring. It had been a day of bitter domestic conflicts; her mother in a frenzy of house cleaning had come into her room whilst she was at school and swept the horse chestnut buds, which Ann had gathered with particular care, into the dustpan. After that there had been an evening of high words and loud voices and banging doors.

Now as Ann knelt by the window, repentant, ruffled, bewildered by attempted justifications, the full moon, sailing through clear sky above the opposite houses, filled her with a sense of remote peace. Her thoughts flew for comfort to the contemplation of her summer holiday.

She turned from the window and saw how the moonlight fell upon the opposite wall in an irregular patch with her bright-coloured kindergarten map of the British Isles hanging in the middle of it. Prompted, whether by her angels or her devils, but by some compelling and unreasoning force, she got up from her knees, walked slowly across the room, shut her eyes tightly and placed a random forefinger on the map. The place of her holiday was decided.

On the first of August therefore, after a long journey she stood with her baggage on a country road at the top of a precipitous hill, and heard the roar of the sea below. A dark man who stammered hailed her from a minute donkey cart.

"M—Miss Hough?"

"Yes."

"B—believe missus is expecting of 'ee."

Ann felt intensely happy as she stumbled after the donkey cart down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, under great cliffs at the end of a long stretch of white sand, a cluster of granite built cottages faced the sea. Waves beat white against the cliffs and rustled over the sand, and behind the cottages the steep boulder-covered hill shut away the world. Her landlady had round gold earrings, a swarthy face and a broad smile, her bedroom with its clean white frillings smelt of the sea; Ann settled down at once to enjoy herself. She got up when she liked, slept when she liked, lay dreaming in the sun for hours on end, splashed in water that shone green above the whiteness of the sand.

One day she walked many miles inland. She found a stream running through a wooded valley, and taking off her shoes and stockings she paddled among the pools and swift-running narrow channels, singing to herself. On and on she followed the stream, leaving the wood behind, passing a granite-fenced farm or two, then entering a forlorn country of heather and rocks, still splashing with naked feet in the clear shallow water,

holding her skirts high, dangling her shoes, singing to herself.

She sat on a boulder in mid-stream to eat her lunch and swung her spreading toes to and fro, lifting them out of the water, dipping them in. She watched the water bubbling against the side of her foot, and the bright trickles sliding away, when she lifted it. She forgot to eat.

"Do you know you've been doing that for half an hour?"

Ann jumped and her cheeks grew red. A young man with a pale face was lying full length on the bank and watching her.

"I like the water," stammered Ann.

"So do I," said the young man, "but I say—why don't you eat?"

"I'm going to." She looked at him, wondered if he was hungry and threw him a sandwich. Then she put back her head and laughed.

"Come over here," said the young man, "I'm lonely."

Ann stepped through the stream and sat down beside him.

He had a nice voice and long fingers and a face rather like a pale ostrich. Ann shared the rest of her lunch with him and told him her name and where she was staying. He told her his name was Nathan and that he was a musician. He looked mournfully over the wide, rock-strewn valley and told her that he had loved a woman and that she had left him.

"I'm sorry," said Ann.

She was so sorry that she forgot to be shy, she wanted so much to comfort this forlorn one. She spoke to him of her religion, her faith in the ultimate triumph of love. They walked slowly homeward together along the side of the stream and through the wood.

At the highroad they parted. He held out his hand. "Goodbye Ann," he said, looking at her gravely, "and thank you."

Hurrying home through the twilight Ann's thoughts were bright and merry as coloured singing birds in sunshine and as illusive to catch. She smiled to herself, wondered why she had not minded when he called her Ann, and smiled again. She went to bed and the flowing of the stream and Nathan's pleasant voice sounded together in her ears.

She spent next day lying with a book in a warm hollow in the cliffs, her thoughts still fluttering but not so happy, not singing birds but birds that cried plaintively over some lonely inaccessible place. In the evening, the tide being low and the moon full, she walked barefoot over the wet sand. The moon, shining above the hill, silvered the sand and lit the edges of the waves that ran foaming and glittering about Ann's feet. She leapt from them and laughed and chased them as they withdrew, she sang against their loud rustling, she threw out her arms and danced, in and out of the water, away, away, over the wet sand, along the glittering edges of the waves.

Out of the shadow of the hill a figure came toward the sea. Ann, abashed, slowed into a walk. She knew who it was even before he said " Hullo." It was Nathan.

" Hullo ! " said Ann.

" You were dancing," said Nathan holding out his hand, " dance with me."

The moonlight was shining in Ann's eyes, she felt intoxicated, angels and devils and red-brick villas seemed so far away. She put her hand in Nathan's ; in another minute they would have been leaping and gambolling like two moon-worshipping savages along the glittering edges of the waves—but suddenly she drew back her hand ; something that was not her mood spoke quite primly from her lips.

" No, I don't want to, thank you."

" Oh well," said Nathan with resignation, " we'll just have to walk. I suppose you never will dance with me ? "

"I don't want to, I don't know why," repeated Ann.

They walked demurely, saying little, along the curving edges of the waves. But as they came up the slipway, which was steep and rocky, the moonlight again shining into Ann's eyes, she held out her hand to Nathan. Then her dream proved prophecy. Nathan kissed her.

* * *

Nathan told Ann quite simply that he had moved from inland down to the cove in order to be near her. Ann's happy illusive thoughts fluttered wildly for a few more days until she could bear it no longer. Then she summoned all her angels and her devils. They sat in conclave listening to the level voice of God and to Ann's passionate pleadings. Swedenborg with his great book was brought into the witness box. "There was a woman whom he loved," said the level voice of God, "what of her?" Swedenborg, frowning, opened his book and read among the symbols; for every soul there existed just one other soul, but souls in the beginning might be indiscriminating, blind. Neither angels nor devils could long withstand so touching an appeal as Ann's. In twenty-five years the one man who had kissed her, the one man who had stirred her blood—might she not be allowed to love him? The verdict from angels and devils was unanimous, she might.

"I can't help it God," said Ann aloud, as she passed out of doubt back into a brighter glowing paradise, "if this is not right, life is too hard for me."

They walked together, bathed together, lazed in the sun and read together. Nathan read books that Ann did not understand, but when she puckered her brows and felt troubled, he put the book away and told her that what it said was insignificant. "You know more than any book, Ann," he insisted gravely, "you are life itself."

He talked of all kinds of things, of foreign cities, of London, where she had never been, of books, of people he had met. He was only two years older than Ann, and more versatile than profound. To her he seemed

marvellously clever. His voice was pleasant as a stream bubbling, murmuring, flowing. Ann listened to the voice and again in thought sat on the boulder, dipping her feet into the bright water, smiling.

Nathan said, " Ann, are you happy ? "

" Yes," she answered.

" So am I, happy and good. You make me feel good, Ann."

Ann felt rewarded for her long, conscious struggle after virtue. Her stern, romantic temperament seemed no longer difficult, so pleasantly did it harmonise with his. The emotions she had scourged until they cowered in dark holes came out to sun themselves. " I am as happy," said Ann, " as it is possible to be."

As they sauntered home together along cobbled ways between granite-built cottages a girl from the post office came running after them. She had a telegram in her hand. Ann felt afraid, something must have happened, something to call her away—nothing so good as this could last, in her heart she had always known it could not last. The girl came up to them panting and put the telegram into Ann's hand. Feeling physically sick Ann stared at the envelope, turned it round and slowly opened it. It was from Margaret.

" Been unwell, find me rooms."

So that was it. All Ann's difficult nature reasserted itself in a second. " I can't find her rooms," she said stubbornly.

Nathan took the telegram and stood looking at her. " No—I suppose you can't," he said thoughtfully.

She repented, of course. The angels did pitched battle with the devils and defeated them, though they broke their wings and damaged their haloes in the doing of it. Ann cried on her bed for an hour, then she went sternly through the cove and found rooms for Margaret. Next day Margaret came, pale and beautiful, in bright coloured frock and wildly gorgeous head scarf which she assured Ann she had picked up for nothing at all.

Ann, as she took Margaret to her rooms, clung to the deceitful hope that her brother-in-law might be coming too—perhaps tomorrow or the next day. She wanted him to come so badly that she could not even mention his name. It was Margaret who spoke of him first. Brushing her long hair in front of the lace-festooned looking glass she paused and glanced round at Ann.

"Oh—Reggie sent his love."

"He's—not—coming down?"

"No, much too busy; besides," Margaret laughed, "Reggie's the best of men, but one does want a change sometimes."

Ann frowned, she was vaguely afraid; this was Margaret who always got what she wanted, Margaret whom everybody loved. All Ann's devils began to clamour again, the angels with their broken wings wept plaintively, but the voices of the devils were exceedingly loud. This man was hers, nobody should interfere, God would not allow it, Swedenborg forbade it. Margaret was manœuvred for a murky evening stroll in the opposite direction to Nathan's lodging, and watched into bed, a little puzzled by Ann's solicitude, but quite unconscious of the fierce anxiety fretting at her sister's heart.

When they all three met next morning, Ann felt ashamed of herself, ashamed and happy. The devils admitted that they had made a fuss about nothing, the angels reassured her. Nathan was any man to Margaret, she any woman to him. But with Ann it was different. Splashing in the bright water with Nathan and Margaret, Ann dreamed of eternity, and suddenly feeling shy, careered out of the sea and darted up the white sand like a colt.

In the afternoon Margaret said she must rest. Ann, whose existence, when she thought about it, was made up of a system of rewards and punishments, felt that her God was smiling upon her and she sang as she packed a basket of food for herself and Nathan. They turned

inland, following the stream, and when they came to the wild rocky valley where they had first met they gathered withered gorse stumps and boiled their kettle.

"Ann," said Nathan after they had eaten, "your sister is very beautiful."

"Yes," said Ann.

"But she is not like you; she has not the grave eyes of an angel, nor the tenacious jaw of a martyr. You know that I love you, Ann?

"Yes," said Ann in a small voice.

"When I met you I was lonely and miserable, you see—because I'd lost what I loved; and now I'm not lonely at all, Ann, and only miserable sometimes."

"You made a mistake," said Ann clasping her knees and nodding at him.

Nathan poked the ashes with his foot and reflected. "Why, no, I don't think so, it was good while it lasted. After all we lived together for seven years."

"Oh," said Ann in a queer little voice, "Oh—" she buried her head on her knees. Devils, angels, God and Swedenborg were all crying together in reproach. "You never told me you were married," she said pathetically.

Nathan came close to her. "I'm not—Ann—what's the matter? Are you shocked? I thought you understood. Listen, Ann, I've had a kind of prejudice against marriage, stupid, no doubt, but I'm quite willing to marry now. Look, what a good thing I didn't—"

Ann wept with her head on her knees. In her extreme innocence she had not understood what Nathan meant when he told her he had "loved a woman." She had imagined some flirt who had jilted him, nothing more. But these two, married or no, had been one flesh. God had joined them. Did not Nathan and that other woman, then, belong to one another for all eternity?

"Ann, do say something!"

"I'm—thinking—about heaven," sobbed Ann.

"Ann," said Nathan severely, "what on earth has

heaven to do with it ? "

" There's her, and there's me," said Ann, looking up with tear-reddened cheeks, " which will it be—in heaven ? "

" Oh, damn it, how should I know, what does it matter ? It's you on earth anyhow. Come, Ann, be nice." He pulled gently at her arm, trying to unclasp the stubborn fingers from around her knees. All Ann's distress and bewilderment leapt into a flame of rage. How dared he say " what did it matter," how dared he ? Her right hand flew out and slapped viciously at his cheek.

Then she jumped to her feet and ran down the valley.

* * *

Ann stayed in bed next day, partly because she felt sick, but chiefly because she was so miserable. Nathan came but she would not see him. Margaret came and called her an ass, and tried to get her to talk about Nathan. But Ann shut her lips together firmly and turned her face to the pink roses on the wall. She stayed in bed another day, and still another, out of sheer dislike of seeing Nathan again, and then suddenly she felt she must see him and got up.

They met on the shore. Nathan was grave, Ann cold. She studiously avoided looking at his face. Nathan, his brain working over-wilily, became flattering to Margaret ; Margaret, to tease Ann, coquetted. Ann went home and cried. She was too straightforward for any wiles ; she hated Nathan, but she felt that she could kill Margaret. She became vicious, she told Margaret to keep Nathan out of her sight, she went out for walks by herself and began collecting specimens for the autumn term, shells and sea-urchins and pressed flowers. She summoned all the angels and the devils to conclave again, and they made such a noise that she could not hear the level voice of God. She could not discover whether it was the angels or the devils who clamoured that she should turn Swedenborg with all his symbols out of court and

cling to Nathan. She hesitated, but she had no other guide, and life without a guide was an impossibility to Ann. "It's you on earth, anyhow," Nathan had said. No, no; Ann, the stern young voluptuary, must be loved forever and forever.

Once in the twilight as she went through the cobbled alley ways to her rooms, she passed the cottage where Nathan was staying. The curtains of Nathan's sitting room were drawn and firelight flickered uncertainly from within. The front door was open showing a dim little hall and glimmering white stairs. She meant to walk by quickly, but she couldn't. She stopped almost unconsciously, and once she had stopped a warm human tenderness took hold of her and made her forget everything in the world except her desire to see him. She turned into the dim little hall and softly opened the door of Nathan's sitting room.

A couch was drawn up to the fire. On it sat Nathan and Margaret. Margaret leaned her head against Nathan's shoulder, Nathan's left arm was round her, he was reading aloud. They jumped up in an instant and cried to her to come and join them, but Ann had fled into the twilight, doubling up among the cobbled alley ways like one hunted, dodging round among the boulders on the hillside, and down again on to the sands at the end of the village. She was talking to herself and sobbing, she ran on and on, the sea rustling loudly at her side, the grey dazzle of the twilight hiding her from all the world. She ran until rocks barred her steps. Then she flung herself face downwards on the sand and screamed.

She screamed, she bit the sand and beat at it. The sand became living, it was Swedenborg, it was Margaret, it was Nathan, it was a regiment of devils, it was her own passion, she beat and beat until her body was exhausted. Then, lying prone, a light broke in her brain, she saw the heavens open and through the loud rustle of the waves she heard the voice of God promising great reward.

When Nathan, turning a lantern this way and that through the darkness, found her at last, she was sitting on a rock looking out to sea, swinging bare feet, singing to herself.

He ran to her. "Ann, forgive me, I meant it, every word!"

Ann leaned forward and looked at him. He stood gravely before her, lifting the lantern so that the light fell upon her face. She thought he had shrunken, she felt sorry for him.

"I've fought it all out," she said quietly.

"Yes?"

"I'm going home tomorrow."

"No, Ann!"

"Yes."

"No, Ann. Think of it—the drab street, the ugly school, the tiresome children, the church, the red-brick villa, the drab street; oh, the drab streets, Ann, forever and forever!"

"That's not what counts," said Ann, "I'm going home anyway. I've had a vision."

"Do you mean we're going to part, Ann?" said Nathan incredulously as he followed her over the sand.

"Yes," said Ann, not looking round.

Nathan walked with his head down, pondering. The lantern swinging in his hand threw a wavering ring of light around Ann's bare feet. She walked scarcely conscious of his presence, walked through ways beset by devils and illumined by angels, ways resounding with the voice of God who promised large reward.

# Representative Men

## *II.—Lord Linlithgow*

EXPRESSED in non-heraldic terms, the crest of Victor Alexander John Hope, 2nd Marquess of Linlithgow and 8th Earl of Hopetoun, is a broken globe supported by two figures representing Hope and surmounted by a rainbow. It bears the motto, "But my Hope is not broken." The crest is apt; the motto, it is to be hoped, is true. For India, whither Lord Linlithgow is due to depart next month as Governor-General in succession to Lord Willingdon, is no country for any man whose hope is already broken.

The auspices for the commencement of Lord Linlithgow's viceroyalty are more favourable than were the auspices for the commencement of Lord Willingdon's viceroyalty in 1931. Lord Willingdon went to a country in which one individual, Mahatma Gandhi, had lately treated on equal terms with the established Government; in which terrorism was rampant; in which worldwide economic crisis had had as severe economic (and consequent political) effects as in the countries of the West. Today Mahatma Gandhi is, politically, only the barest shadow of his former self; terrorism, if not dead, is quiescent; and the worst period of economic crisis seems to be past. Even the more orthodox of Nationalist Indian politicians appear now to have retreated in half-satisfied boredom before the grant of the constitution they spent so many years in demanding.

But even if terrorism in India should not revive, even if some new turn of American or Chinese silver policy should not alter India's economic outlook, there will be problems enough in the new constitution, whose working Lord Linlithgow will have to supervise, to test the political ingenuity of any man. The new Viceroy will have to hold the balance not only between British and Indian interests, but between Indian interest and Indian interest—between Hindu and Moslem and between

Indian Princes and Indian Provinces. His task will be as ungrateful as that of the Supreme Court in the United States, and in some respects not dissimilar.

To that task Lord Linlithgow brings some special qualities, much varied experience, and a promising ancestry. His forefathers have been in the public service of Scotland and England for centuries. They trace their descent back to John de Hope, who accompanied James V. of Scotland's queen Madeleine de Valois from France to Scotland in 1573. Of John de Hope's great-grandchildren one, Sir Thomas Hope, was Lord Advocate of Scotland in the seventeenth century and another, Henry Hope, founded in Amsterdam a family afterwards famous as bankers. The 4th Earl of Hopetoun—a title conferred on the family in the early eighteenth century—distinguished himself as a soldier in the Peninsular War. The 7th Earl of Hopetoun, father of the subject of this present sketch, was appointed first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1900, and in recognition of his success in that office was created Marquess of Linlithgow. (Incidentally the Governor-Generalship nearly ruined him financially.)

The present Lord Linlithgow has not hitherto held any office of the first rank, but has held minor offices in plenty. He was born in 1887, and, like most men of his age, found his political career interrupted by the War, throughout which he served. Since the War he has made up for time lost by a multifarious activity. He became a Civil Lord of the Admiralty after the defeat of the Coalition Government in 1922, and soon thereafter acquired the reputation, which he still has, of being one of Nature's chairmen of governmental committees and commissions. He was chairman in 1923 of the Departmental Committee on the Distribution and Prices of Agricultural Produce which preceded the establishment of the Food Council; deputy chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Party Organisation from 1924 to 1926;

chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture from 1926-28 ; chairman in 1933-34 of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reforms. Nor have governmental committees and commissions exhausted his passion for administrative good works. He has been president of the British Social Hygiene Council and a member of the board of three city companies. In between times he has ridden such hobby-horses as the need of more thorough ventilation of the House of Lords. "A little more fresh air," he once said on this subject, "by its effect in clarifying thought and in limiting the tendency towards parenthetical utterance, would shorten discussion and ensure more pith and point to debates."

In view of the post Lord Linlithgow is about to take up, his Indian chairmanships are the most important. They have given him an experience of Indian life and politics of a kind that only two of his predecessors, Lord Lawrence and Lord Willingdon have had ; and his experience has been wider than theirs. As chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture he spent two cold weather seasons in India, studying that condition of the Indian peasant which is India's main non-political problem. The study resulted in a report which has been described as without parallel for its completeness in the records of any country, and in a pamphlet on *The Indian Peasant* which shows sympathetic appreciation both of the Indian villager's special difficulties and of the efforts the Government is making to ease them.

As chairman of the Joint Select Committee Lord Linlithgow not only gained a thorough knowledge of the constitution he will have to implement and the goodwill of his British and Indian fellow-members of the Committee ; he also acquired a faith in the constitution which will be as necessary as knowledge if the constitution is to be workable.

In the last resort, however, it is not so much on political and economic knowledge, nor an administrative capacity, as it is on personal character that the success

of a viceroyalty depends. The Indian is as responsive as the man of any other nation to a government of competence and integrity. He is much more responsive than most other men to a government which is tactfully sympathetic.

Tact and sympathy Lord Linlithgow has, and a direct humour and ready wit which may help to reconcile the Indian ideal and the Indian practice. His wit and humour stood him in good stead during the War, when he was in command of a cyclist battalion in the West of Ireland, and never more pleasantly so than on the occasion when the motor car in which he was travelling took him on to a road not frequented by any but the native Irish. At the end of the road he found a small cottage, and in it an old peasant woman who abusively demanded to know why a British officer invaded her land. "I came, Madame," Lord Linlithgow replied in his sweetest tone, "to kiss you. But since you make me so unwelcome I will go away without doing so."

While in Ireland Lord Linlithgow was billeted for a time in the house of Katharine Tynan Hinkson and of her late husband, who was a Resident Magistrate. Different political views, possibly accentuated by war-time conditions, did not prevent the growth of a cordial friendship between the Hinksons and the Linlithgows. Nor did they prevent Lord Linlithgow from being on the best of terms with other Irishmen.

Perhaps that is because Irish and French blood are mixed in him with the Scottish. He looks an Englishman, all the six foot of him, and, notwithstanding an injury sustained in youth, has the Englishman's outdoor interest in sports of many kinds from big-game hunting to golf. He has the half-ascetic, half-self indulgent delight in early rising and late work that is characteristic of one type of Englishman. He has an English sense of the tradition of public service, for in going to India as Viceroy he will be making a financial sacrifice such as his father made before him in Australia. But alongside

these English qualities (at any rate they are qualities some of which we like to think peculiarly English), there are in him a love of all created things, great and small, and an intellectual curiosity wider than that of the average Englishman.

He is in short one of those men who, while to outward appearance the perfection of a convention, are too individual to be placed in a category. His knowledge ranges from coalmines (to which he was introduced in youth by his father) to the fine arts; his interests to most things human; his political expressions from orthodox conservatism to a recent warning to small traders which was not far removed from socialism. He is by turns canny and gay, gentle and strong. But in whatever he does there is manifest the kind of sympathy to which the Indian most readily responds, as was clearly shown at the time of the announcement of his appointment to the viceroyalty.

More than that sympathy will be needed to guide India peaceably along the path of constitutional change that the British Parliament has chosen for her; and to rule India's four hundred millions there will be need of a greater genius for government than any that Lord Linlithgow has had occasion to show in the offices he has previously held. But with goodwill, intelligence and knowledge to aid, there is good hope that this Hope will not be broken by a task big enough to break most men.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

# Talking to the African

*By William Hichens*

THE march of events in Africa has brought strange talk of unfamiliar tongues. There have been broadcasts in Amharic, proclamations in Tigré, Galla, Kunama, Gofa, languages of which few people have ever before heard. Their very names hint at vague unintelligibility, evoking the feeling that such tongues may serve the needs of primitive peoples, but surely must be too crude to express those involved ideas which are compounded of civilised thought. How could one discuss economic policy, Epsteinian murals, Shavian morals, in a language which mainly consists of noises like *bu*, *nyu*, *mngwpk*, or which speaks of the roar of an aeroplane as *kivumi kikidza kimoho-moho ?*

Yet nothing is more certain than that these seemingly barbaric tongues, the tribal languages of Africa, must stand as the main stanchions of that bridge of progress which will carry the arts and culture of civilisation into the black man's kraals. That realisation already motivates British development policy in Africa.

Language, it has been said, is the exponent of a nation's soul ; of the African that dictum is a truism. His language is much more than a mere vehicle of speech. He has never, with one or two local and exigent exceptions, achieved any written record. It is in the language of the tribe that its history is enshrined. The tribal tongue is the tome of its laws, the palimpsest of its religion, the scroll of its heroes, the chronicle of its customs, the register of its social code. By word of mouth, by living speech alone, the tribal records have been handed on and on, ever growing as the years roll by. The languages in which the black man's past is stored are equally the matrices in which his future will be cast.

Some hazy ideas still persist about the languages that the African speaks. There is a widespread notion that " surely savages cannot speak a proper language,"

but, it would seem, only a kind of gibberish made up of queer grunts, clicks and ya-yum sounds. More than twenty centuries ago, Herodotus related how the language of the Troglodytes, who were probably African bushmen, was "like the squeaking of bats"; and the same impression was much later propagated by the first Dutch settlers in the Cape, who told how the native tongues were "more like the chat of a parrot than human speech." They called the natives "hottentots," perhaps from their own Low Dutch word *huttentot*, which means "quack-quack" or "nonsense-talk." Quite recently, too, the London press described a translation of the then Prince of Wales' speech to West Coast chiefs as sounding "like a machine-gun barrage"; and no doubt to the unaccustomed ear native languages do sound "like the like was never heard the like."

But Africans do not gibber; they are not compelled to resort to pidgin of the "massa him lib for hup" variety heard in some West Coast towns which early came under the civilising influences of gin and slaving. The African speaks quite normally.

There are several hundred different native languages spoken throughout Africa—the Bible, or parts of it, has been printed in some 250 of them—and every one of these tongues has a definite grammatical structure, often more, not less, precise and elaborate than the grammar of English. These languages are rich in song and poem, romance and rhetoric. In them the laws and social codes of the tribes are expressed in concise, unmistakable terms; and they are, too, the archives of the tribal prayers, of many wise proverbs and cunning riddles, of martial songs and love laments, as well as being the daily channel of life and work and play.

Some of them are very old. For over six centuries, for instance, the Swahili of the East African coast, the type of natives who live at Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, have treasured a long saga attributed to a famous warrior minstrel, Liongo Fumo, who lived just

north of Mombasa in the thirteenth century. His songs endure in an ancient form of Swahili, comparable with Chaucerian English, which is a later form of a still older Swahili called Kingovi, dating back, perhaps, to Phœnician times. Nearly all the coastal natives know by heart parts of this saga, which is more, perhaps, than we can claim of Beowulf or Chaucer. And the nature of the songs and the fact that they have so long been treasured in the popular mind throw an unsuspected light upon African mentality. One can hardly allege "parrot-chat" against the "savage" who is inspired to sing:

*Valiant am I, a Lion with claws,*
*Taker-away of disgrace,*
*Breaker of prisons and forts by stratagems.*
*I beat my breast and cast myself upon my enemies;*
*Nor twanging bows nor glittering spears fear I,*
*For they are many, they whom I subdue,*
*Who flee to whence they came.*

And one needs no knowledge of Kiswahili to feel the vigour of the original in the native words:—

*Ana mi shujáa simba, ndolé mwondoa ari,*
*Mvunda kiláá na huzuni kizidabiri.*
*Náipiga kifa háitia katika shari.*

Then we can turn through six centuries of African dreams and hopes and fears, to the voice of a Swahili in this present year of grace. He sings:

*Limékuta lamahaba tandi lako* ("*I am ensnared in the web of thy love, O love, thy charms shall I extol forever; now I am thine, my soul doth rest in peace*").

And yet one finds it asserted that the African is incapable of æsthetic emotion!

Both the examples above are from Swahili, which is one of the languages of the great Bantu family of African tongues. Without going into the technicalities which distinguish them, it may be said that known African languages are divided by philologists into five main groups. These are the Sudanian, the Bantu, the Hamitic, the Semitic, and the Bushmen.

The Sudanian group comprises some two hundred languages spoken by tribes living in a belt which crosses Africa roughly south of the Sahara from Sierra Leone in the west to British Somaliland in the east. Shilluk spoken in the Sudan; Acholi in Uganda; Kunama in Abyssinia; and Tahi and Ga of the Gold Coast are among the tongues of this group. Their chief remarkability is that many of their words are single syllables, thus, *to*, father, *wa*, child, *wu*, husband, *na*, wife; and, in a manner most puzzling to Europeans, many of these words depend for their meanings upon the tones and pitch of voice in which they are spoken.

*Da*, for example, can mean "elder sister," or "throw," or "crawl," or "fall," according to whether it is spoken in a low, or level, or high or flat tone. The native, however, is no more perturbed by this peculiarity than we are by our own curiosities such as the "ough's" in tough, though, plough, and so on.

The next great group, the Bantu, is one with which British trade and settlement, education and government, is very closely concerned, since the vast majority of natives throughout British Africa speak one or other of the many Bantu languages. Swahili, really a hybrid Bantu, is the official and the trade tongue throughout Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda and Zanzibar, in addition to other Bantu tongues; and Zulu and Xhosa, spoken in Natal, Luganda in Luganda, Chinyanja in Nyasaland, Kikuyu in the Nairobi highlands, Ila and Kalanga in Rhodesia, Chwana in Chief Tshekedi's country, are all Bantu. These languages differ considerably from each other, so much so that in Mombasa, "What is your name?" is "*Jina lako nani?*" and a few miles north at Kisumu the same question becomes "*Erinyalyo gwani?*"; and, say, a lion is *simba* today, and *empologoma* tomorrow, as one travels from kraal to kraal. But these differences are more apparent than real, since all the Bantu languages have basic points of structure and grammar in common.

Briefly, the Bantu speech-scheme divides all things known to African life into classes, rather like a linguistic department-store, so that one class of words relates to human beings, another to trees, bushes and similar objects, a third to times and places, another to demons and the supernatural, and so on. There are, approximately, ten such classes into which all words can be catalogued and each class has distinguishing prefixes which are attached to all words relating to it, like label-tags in a card-index. For example :

*abantu bano balungi babade batumbula nebagwa*

obviously contains the particle *ba* throughout, *ba* being the " label " of the human-being class. The sentence *must* refer to mankind and some human activity. It means, " As these good men were going along they fell." Likewise in

*vitu vile vizuri vikenda vilikuwa vikianguka*,

the particle *vi-* is outstanding. The sentence *must* refer to things, since *vi* is the " label " of that class. It means " As these good things were going along they fell." This peculiar concord is typical of all the Bantu languages, though seldom quite so evident as in these made-up examples.

Another striking feature of Bantu is its flexibility, a linguistic asset which we English have had to beg, borrow and steal from all kinds of languages. The Bantu native is never at loss for a shade of meaning. *Kupenda*, for instance, means " to love," and the simplest adaptation gives the word a vast variety of meanings. *Kupendwa* is " to be loved " ; *pendea*, " to care for " ; *pendeza*, " to please " ; *pendezeka*, " to make oneself pleasant " ; *pendana*, " to love one another." And there are a score of other extensions, all by simple, but exact, rule, giving other shades of meaning.

As nearly every word in a Bantu language is capable of moulding in this manner, it will be seen that so far from being " gibberish," these languages are rich, supple and precise to a remarkable degree. They are equally

precise in all technical matters connected with African life and work. A native, for instance, does not have to say, "I want one of those unripe, half-green coconuts full of 'milk' but not the thick 'milk,' the watery 'milk.'" He merely says, "*Nataka dafulile.*" *Dafu* is the technical term for "an unripe but half green," etc., etc., and there are more than fifty other technical terms for the coconut palm, its products and all its states and stages; and all native industries, pastimes and social activities can boast a large special vocabulary of definite terms which cannot be misunderstood.

The third class of African lauguages is the Hamitic, so named from a doubtful theory that tribes speaking these tongues originally descended from Ham, the son of Noah. For practical purposes the name merely demarks a group of languages such as Tuareg, spoken by the Saharan nomads; Kabyle, spoken in Algeria; the great Hausa tongue of Nigeria, which for centuries has been a Western African *lingua franca* for trade; Bedawe, in the Sudan; and such languages as Bilin, Khamir, Kara and Galla, spoken in Abyssinia; and Masai and Nandi, spoken by those two notorious spear-blooding, lion-hunting tribes in Kenya; while yet another Hamitic tongue is that of the ferocious Somali.

Whatever may have been their origin, nearly all the Hamitic tribes are of fierce, warlike disposition, cattle-owning nomads, never so happy as when bent on cattle or slave raiding. They mean no great harm. The Tuaregs are punctiliously polite of etiquette when they behead an enemy, and the Masai always give formal notice to the foe before they attack him. Their war-like spirit is inherent and is typical of their songs and stories.

Their languages are marked by grammatical peculiarities too technical to discuss here, but, as elsewhere, they throw much light upon the inner workings of the minds of these apparently callous, cruel and blood-thirsty peoples. Twice a day, for instance, every Nandi

warrior is required by tribal law to pray. Here is a prayer :—

*Asis ! Káasain tukus lakok ak tuka.*
*Káamusin korirun ak lakat.*
*Asis ! Kaamomin irue ak iwendi,*
*Asis ! Kaasomin amatile kaanget.*

which means :—

*O God, I beseech Thee, guard my children and my kine.*
*I pray to Thee by morning and by night.*
*O God, go not from me nor turn me from thy sight.*
*O God, say not " Man, thou weariest me," but hear my prayer.*

Such utterances to the pagan gods of the tribes, with the wealth of legend, proverb and spoken lore in which these languages abound, reflect even in the hearts of these fierce peoples a gentleness and chivalry, reverence and thoughtfulness, which one would barely glean from their outward lives.

Two groups of languages remain, the Bushman and Semitic tongues. The Bushmen are now few in number, about 3,500, and are practically confined to the Kalahari Desert. Their languages, long hailed as remarkable because of the " click " sounds in them, are moribund and have no place in the horizon of the African future. The " clicks," however, long thought impossible for a white man to master, have been defined. Any reader who may like to attempt them can practise on :—

*!khwa :—ko:o ! ka ! karraken-a si ! xwang ha ka' 'auki //kauwa si-ta //kakeng.*

" The rain would thunder at us, as if it did not like our speech."

All the signs are clicks of different kinds.

The Bushman, like other tribes, can boast a store of traditional legend and his languages are the repository of much strange lore relating to hunting, rain-magic and animal superstitions. It survives, however, merely as a curiosity, " civilisation " having almost obliterated both it and the little cavemen-artist-hunters who speak it.

Of the remaining language-group, the Semitic, Arabic is the most important member. It is spoken throughout Egypt and in the Sudan, and to a considerable extent by Arab and mixed Arab-Bantu people along the coast of British East Africa. Like the other Semitic tongues, such as the ancient Ge'ez, Tigré, and Amharic, spoken in Abyssinia, it is not really an African language, since Arabic was, of course, introduced by Arab invaders, slave-traders and merchants, over a period of centuries. It has, however, largely influenced African speech and thought among some tribes, notably the Swahili of the East Coast and the Hausa in the West, who made contact with Moslem caravaneers and merchant-venturers, and whose languages are strongly coloured by it.

The Arabs also brought to native Africa an important innovation—the art of writing. It must not be overlooked that all the non-Semitic languages which we have so far considered are merely spoken tongues. With one curious and quite modern exception, known as Vai, African languages possessed no written alphabet, and for the African to write down in record what he thought or wished to say, was thus impossible. Wherever the Arabs settled for the slave and ivory trades, however, they introduced their familiar script and thus, in Swahili and Hausa, a native literature, written in the tribal language but in Arabic letters, has grown up and a large body of Swahili and Hausa stories, legends, romances, histories and poems exist, covering a period of centuries to the present day. Much of it is of amazingly high literary standard. It is witness to the fact that African mentality is capable of philosophic reflection, of patriotic fervour and of æsthetic perceptions of morality such as many native customs would appear, on a first glance, to deny, if not actually to pervert.

Such, then, are African languages, ranging from the clicks of the Bushman on the one hand to virile tongues, such as Swahili, serving as the mouthpiece of modern trade and boasting a rich and ancient language-store of

literature. Fifty years ago our knowledge of these African tongues would barely have filled a large book. But of quite recent years administrative officials, missionaries and ethnologists have combined in collecting and collating material; grammars and dictionaries have been compiled; a great mass of hitherto orally transmitted lore has been collected and put into print; and some six hundred African languages and dialects have been more or less definitely recorded.

It may reasonably be said that, useful as such linguistic research may be, if the voice of Africa is to speak in six hundred different tongues, then, indeed, will Babel be let loose and any attempt on the white man's part to make the voice of culture heard through such a clamour would be fantastically impossible. The objection is perfectly sound and the multiplicity of tongues constitutes, in fact, the chief linguistic problem in Africa today. There are too many languages. Many of them are insignificant, neither spoken nor heard outside the narrow boundaries of small tribal groups. The task is to eliminate these minor tongues from what must be the unimpeded speech of development and education.

In Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, for example, some three hundred different dialects and languages are spoken in the kraals. Quite apart from the difficulties which these present to missionaries and others engaged in educational work, and to district officers saddled with the task of detailed explanations of laws, industrial systems, tribal prohibitions and other matters which the tribes must clearly understand, the language barrier is a serious hindrance to the growth of industry, trade and general understanding between white and black.

The native, for instance, is now keenly interested in modern dairying equipment and farming tools, and he demands practical instruction in their use and maintenance. But it is out of the question for the manufacturers in Europe to accompany their products with instructional literature for native users, printed in three

hundred tongues. Even if cost did not prohibit it, orthographic peculiarities in many languages would soon bring such sales literature to chaos. Nor is it practicable that standard text-books dealing with social, industrial and other sciences should be translated in to a gamut of languages.

Some linguistic compromise is essential, and accordingly efforts are now being made throughout Africa, by conferences of administrative officials, ethnologists, missionaries and business men, each representing their respective interests, to "standardise" African languages upon a basis of practical use. The broad conclusions arrived at so far are that the early education of the African, not only in schools, but in social life and workaday matters, should proceed in the African vernacular, while the more advanced education of the native should, indeed must, be in English. Only in this way, it is felt, can the mass of the natives retain their full contact with the desirable factors in tribal life, while at the same time the more literate natives can make ready contact with European culture. Thus the more literate Africans speaking English will form a linguistic link between the civilisation of Europe and the social and industrial life of the kraals.

The problem is eased in British East Africa by the existence of Kiswahili, which, long ago carried into the *Hinterland* by Arab traders and slavers, has spread throughout Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, as far as the Congo west, and from the Zambesi to the Nile, as the lingua franca of the markets and of intertribal trade.

Kiswahili has been adopted as the official native language of those colonies. It does not displace nor suppress the tribal languages, the natives speaking Swahili in addition to their own mother tongues. But it does serve as a common medium for teachers and scholars in schools, as between the settler and his labourers, the district officer and his tribesmen, and the European trader and his native buyers. As instanced

above, it is a supple and expressive language. An appreciable number of standard books have been translated into it, and business firms in England are already using it for sales propaganda and for the instruction of their customers in the use of goods.

Similarly in Natal the chief language is Zulu, and this is taught in the schools up to Standard IV, after which instruction is given in English. In the Cape the selected languages are Xhosa, Tswana and Sotho. In the Sudan, where a bastard Arabic threatened to impede lucid linguistic intercourse, English has been adopted as the official language of the courts, police and so on, with Dinka, Bari, Nuer and other chief tribal languages for the educational vernacular of the masses.

Only those, perhaps, who have actually attempted business, education or administration in Africa will realise how wide and clear a road to development is being opened up by this orderly rearrangement of linguistic barriers. It is like the throwing open of a door to a vast throng of eager people who, previously raising an uproar of incoherency, have at last selected spokesmen who can voice their needs with calm and clear deliberation.

But much has yet to be done before progress can travel without jolt on this linguistic road. The most urgent problem is the provision of a literature. With our own wealth of books at hand's reach for information upon any subject, and our newspapers and journals which refresh our memories upon old and hourly instruct us upon new interests, we are apt to forget how greatly our own civilisation and culture, the everyday conduct of our careers, businesses, arts, pastimes and domestic lives, depend upon the printed word.

The African, except for a negligible number, has as yet no books, no news-sheets. Native authors are appearing, notably such figures as Mqayi, Vilakazi, the Zulu poet, and Bereng, in the Cape; Sekese in Basutoland; Kayamba in Tanganyika; Mbarak Ali Hinawy and others in Kenya; and native magazines and news-

papers which have sprung into being of recent years show promise of native authors, in both fiction and technical subjects, of great promise.

But for some years to come the African's most urgent need will be vernacular technical literature, both elementary for the masses and more advanced for the more literate, dealing with the practical and economic aspects of his more important industries and interests, such as cotton and coffee culture, stock-rearing, veterinary science, plant pestology, mechanics and the use of implements, marketing organisation, transport, hygiene.

Equally, there will be a literary appetite for history, geography and the arts and sciences, and in lighter matters, sport, dress, foods. A very considerable field here lies open to European commerce and industry in the industrial and social education of the African. Whatever may be said of the abuse of commercial propaganda, there can be no question that the advertisement and the salesman's pamphlet are both powerful educative forces for the masses of the people, bringing to the public notice the practical side, the everyday utility, of innumerable scientific inventions and products of human industry and ingenuity. At present the African has few such contacts to inform him of the innumerable products which the world can offer. That is a task which white industrial interests must discharge for themselves as their share of African development.

For the rest, in the little kraal schools, in the modern native colleges, in the bomas of district officers, and by agricultural, medical, veterinary and industrial instructors touring the kraals, the African is being led in the path of his own speech and thought to a clear understanding of the rewards and responsibilities which his approach to western civilisation may offer him.

It is a task which must be of slow and cautious achievement and beset with unsuspected problems, but, as they say in the kraals: "*Akwata empola atuka wala*—He who goes slowly, goes far."

# Stage and Screen

*By A. Vesselo.*

THE misconception which holds the cinema to be merely an imitation of the theatre has been frequently assailed, but in many quarters still persists. Arising naturally enough from the superficial overlapping of subject-matter between the two spheres, it has been maintained and strengthened by the advent of the talking picture, which so often appears to borrow not only its content but much of its form from the stage-play. Yet although the cinema can, if it will—or if imagination lacks—reduce itself to a measure of dependency upon the theatre, in its internal nature it remains distinct.

The characteristic through which it can chiefly lay claim to self-determination is its freedom of passage, in space and in time. This elasticity of movement includes the power to approach as close as need be to its material, and by successive changes of aspect to focus the eye of the camera and of the spectator upon required points of emphasis. In the theatre the relation of the spectator's eye to the field of action remains constant, for the intervening distance cannot be increased or diminished, nor the angle of vision altered ; but in the cinema both these latter quantities are perpetually changing, while the field of action itself at any given moment is likely to be considerably more concentrated than that of the stage, and so proportionately more exact in the meaning which it conveys.

The powers which the cinema thus arrogates to itself are not casual superimpositions, to be used by it or arbitrarily put aside ; on the contrary, they demand to be fully exercised, for they are vital to its form. The static conventions of the theatre, once deposed, cannot be reinstated. In a stage-play, for example, lapses of time can only take place between acts. But on the screen they must be assumed to occur with every few changes of camera-position, so that whereas a passage of ten continuous minutes on the stage should properly represent neither more nor less than ten minutes, on the screen it

should always represent something measurably more. Precisely how much more, an hour or a space of years, must be decided by particular circumstances.

In the same way, the camera cannot forgo its faculty of movement, and continual variation of viewpoint becomes a necessity. Once we are aware that the barriers of space can be broken down, we demand subconsciously to have every incident presented to us from its most revealing aspect: anything less is felt to be a falling-short. The compulsion is made stronger by two subordinate factors, which time will probably eliminate, but which meanwhile play an important part. These are the absence of colour and of true depth.

In ordinary life (and equally on the stage) the eye is faced with a variety of colours, and is also able at will to alter its focus. When, therefore, it finds itself pinned to the single plane of the black-and-white screen, it tires easily and requires frequent change. The mere desire to avoid this surface monotony provides a negative impulse towards the employment of correct methods in film construction; and it is of value in so far as it paves the way for the positive impulse—the urge to lay the stress accurately and economically where it will carry the maximum of meaning.

In extent of potential subject-matter and in realism of background the cinema inevitably has the advantage of the theatre, though this fact need not by itself be taken to imply any greater profundity or increased æsthetic value. Such a widening of scope, however, leads to the genesis of a series of individual screen-types without theatrical precedent. The documentary film, the news-film, the instructional film, the purely synthetic film (such as the cartoon and the abstract film)—these, in their several graduations of development, have no parallel on the stage; and they have accordingly been hailed as expressing the native genius of their medium in its only true manifestation.

Basically, the view is in some degree just; but in its most uncompromising form, rejecting utterly the screen-

play and the use of spoken dialogue, it cannot ultimately be accepted without qualification. If the film has two possible directions, there is no reason *a priori* why we should totally deny the one in order to affirm the other. Within limits, the halting influence of dialogue has been a gain, for it counters the tendency to overwork the screen's more spectacular powers of rapid transition, and to produce a hotch-potch of disjointed impressions as a result.

Moreover, if a reliance on the static methods of the stage is undeniably bad, so are the opposite extremes; the methods of still photography are no less static, and high-flown analogies between the film and music are in the end singularly unproductive. The only law which can be successfully laid down is that the moving-picture, working from within, must develop its own specific methods of treatment, so that external aid and external comparisons become superfluous. So long as it does this satisfactorily, there is no need to complain if under certain conditions it essays the film-equivalent of a drawing-room comedy, instead of self-consciously displaying its gaudier, but not invariably better, qualities. It is the method, rather than the material, which is of first importance.

Paradoxically, indeed, it is the film-play which offers the most enlightening evidence of the separation between the stage and screen; for the non-fiction film is actually too far removed from the stage-play to bring out the subtler points of contrast. The attentive observer, watching the progress of a validly-constructed story-film in a public cinema, will see that even where stage and screen appear on first sight to have common ground, their paths of approach are quite different. The dialogue has been condensed, and in the acting the stress more evenly divided between words and facial expression; while any hint of the statuesque pose or the sweeping gesture has become absurd. The intimacy of the screen makes extravagant emphasis unnecessary, and everywhere the suggestion and the significant undertone are constrained to take its place.

# Changing Views of the Stuarts

*By Oliver J. G. Welch*

HISTORY is at last beginning to do justice to the Stuart Kings of England. That justice has been delayed till now is not surprising when we consider what the ages since the Stuarts have been, the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. For, while contrasted in some respects, these centuries had continuity in certain vital political prejudices, and viewed the Stuarts alike. In our own time the prejudices in question are weakening, and we begin to view the seventeenth century with new eyes.

These prejudices first became embedded in prevailing political opinion by the Revolution of 1688, which was the spiritual inauguration of the eighteenth century. For 1688 determined once and for all what the preceding half century had presaged—the destruction of monarchy in England and the establishment of aristocracy. For the Divine Right of Kings, it has been well said, was substituted the Divine Right of Property.

The Revolution began a golden age for propertied men. Through their property they had gained power, with their power they protected property, and for the first time England experienced class rule unmitigated by any other principle. For the special character of monarchy as a form of rule is that it stands above class, and Louis XIV in all his glory was a more popular thing than Louis Philippe with his umbrella.

Now the right of private property is but one of many natural rights, and the often conflicting claims of these various rights it is the duty of government wisely to adjust. To give excessive weight to the single right of property is to invite an accumulation of social injustice. It is the nature of revolutions to go too far, and if the paternal interference of Stuart governments in economic matters was often tinkering and inefficient, the unfettered landlordism which succeeded it prepared the way for the agricultural revolution and the deserted

village, while the aspect of our great manufacturing cities should be sufficient comment on the merits of unrestricted private enterprise in industry. We of today have had our bellyful of uncontrolled economics, and are in a mood to sympathise with the Stuarts who, last of English kings, thought it their duty artificially to preserve the social structure against the blind forces which threatened it.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were both ages of class rule. We are told that 1832 ushered in the age of middle-class rule, but the " broadening down " of landed aristocracy into urban plutocracy was really a gentle process, and the first Reform Act only registered rather tardily the shifting of the economic centre of social gravity caused by the industrial revolution. Nor was it accident that the Reform Bill was carried through by the Whigs, for the gentle transition from rural aristocracy to urban plutocracy was a process naturally sponsored by a party allied from its origins with Big Business.

Corresponding exactly to this aristocracy-plutocracy transition stood, in literature, the figure of Macaulay. His achievement was to hand on the Whig aristocratic tradition of history to the age of the middle class. His style, its breezy self-confidence and downrightness, caught perfectly the fancy of the rising class whose prosperity seemed illimitable in an England whose world-pre-eminence seemed the final fruit of all the ages. And so the Victorian Era took over the Whig estimate of the Stuarts, which was accepted everywhere, even by those instinctively unsympathetic, as history.

The Whig view of the Stuarts consists of four main charges against them :—

*I. That they were un-English, never understanding the English character. James I and Charles I were Scots ; Charles II was really a Frenchman ; James II crowned all by being a Papist.*

*II. That they were would-be tyrants, wishing to destroy*

*the inherited personal and corporate rights of Englishmen and to realise in England an alien theory of sovereignty derived from Roman origins and then in process of realisation in France.*

*III. That they were unpatriotic, preferring the advancement of their power at home to the greatness of England abroad.*

*IV. That they were unreliable over money. While they ruled the State was feeble with debt; after their expulsion the credit of England developed a solidity unique in Europe. The facts spoke for themselves.*

This tradition of history British children have, down to the present day, imbibed shortly after their mother's milk. But it is no longer unchallenged by the educated, though still colouring the text-books. We are beginning to see that it is but a partizan version. The sceptical caution of latter-day scholarship, though failing to present a coherent view to replace Macaulay's picture, has indicated important faults of perspective therein. But the changing vision is due to something more than the corrosive action of pure scholarship. It reflects a social change—almost a change of heart. The Whig tradition of history is coming in for criticism because the social system of which it was a defence is coming in for criticism, too. The quarter whence this criticism comes may conveniently be called socialistic thought. By this we mean that vague but vast body of modern opinion which is agreed, if on nothing more particular, that the social economy of the modern world is unjust and the fruit of historical injustice. The buoyant faith in material progress of prospering nineteenth-century business men no longer satisfies a generation which has seen the prosperity depart, but its ugly social concomitants remain. We now see that the inviolability of private rights of which Hampden was the protagonist led logically to that chaos of self-interest to which the appellation "enlightened" is now a bad joke. For while wealth accumulated, men, as Goldsmith noted, decayed.

When there is no reason why the rich man should be in his castle and the poor man at his gate except crude money it is not always easy to believe that God so ordered their estate. Wealth, divorced as it now is from the service of the land, fluctuates so erratically that our social stratification, based on money alone, has lost all sanctity. Today it is only by an effort of imagination that we can visualise a society in which money was not the sole basis of class distinction. But the teaching that God made men high and lowly and ordered their estate was not always a mere sedative to keep the poor from murdering the rich. There was a time when it expressed a truth which worked both ways, when it expressed a view of society in which small men were defended by a system of rights against exploitation because a certain social equipoise and sanity was considered too important to be sacrificed either to aggregate national wealth or to private opportunity. And of this older social philosophy the monarchy was, in practice, the linch-pin. The well-known facts that mediæval kings used the fyrd against the baronage and called in the Commons to redress the balance against the Lords have a significance usually missed by historians: these were not merely clever political moves; they were gestures consonant with the ethical essence of our old monarchy, as something outside the class category and, just because of this, indispensable for its just ordering.

There is one characteristic common to the policies of English kings down to the fatal year 1640. This characteristic is their solicitude to maintain the status of all classes of the people. It appears in endless small regulations all ultimately designed to keep people in their proper places. We have only to reflect a moment on the sumptuary laws to realise the lengths to which this paternalism went. Statutes of labourers tried to prevent the working classes using an accidental labour shortage to force up their wages; equally, a long series of proclamations sought to prevent private filching of

common land and grassing down of arable, since these caused unemployment and ruined the small cultivator. There was nothing "class-conscious" about all this. The object was not to advance the estate of the poor, but to fix and secure the status of all. The nightmare of government was the "sturdy vagrant"—in modern terms, the landless unemployed. If we are today resigned to the existence of a vast driftwood of fluid labour in our economic life, we can at least sympathise with an idea of government, which would have every man, however humble, settled on his own plot, however small. And this sympathy, if it does not necessarily make us Jacobites, does enable us to criticise in a detached way the Whig case against the Stuarts.

The first charge is that they were un-English and did not understand the national feeling. This is indisputably true of some of the Dutch and German princes who later occupied their throne; their indifference to English interests as such was scarcely concealed; but that is by the way. Of the four rightful Stuart sovereigns the charge of being foreign is well-founded in the case of one only—James I, who was born and bred a Scot. James, with his shrewdness, erudition and passion for dialetic, was entirely Scottish, but he rose far superior to a narrow nationalism. He was a strong advocate of union, and in this matter a century in advance of his subjects of either kingdom.

The attempt to label Charles I a Scot cannot be maintained. He spent practically his whole life in England, was a devout communicant of the Church of England, and was so little Scottish in sympathy that he made shipwreck of his reign by an insane attempt to impose Anglican liturgy upon Presbyterian Scotland. If he did not understand the English character it was because he was unable really to understand any character at all. Charles I, stiff, unsympathetic, and lonely, is a human type and not a racial specimen.

The case of Charles II is more complex. His mother

was French ; that in itself is nothing ; mixed blood flows in all royal veins and, to the confusion of ethnologists, seems to have little effect upon the patriotism of monarchs. But the Frenchness of his mother had an importance from the circumstances that during the later years of his adolescence she was *the* parent, and that during this period she stood before her own national background. But we may reasonably doubt whether that determined, assiduous, but pin-headed matriarch, Henrietta Maria, ever greatly influenced her lazy, mocking, but mentally acute son. What is more likely is that his growing mind, imbued with few reasons to love those English institutions whose breakdown had destroyed his father and exiled his youth, was by contrast deeply impressed by the efficient absolutism with which his Bourbon cousins had already raised France to the first place in Europe. If we consider Charles II's youth, our surprise must be, not that he was at heart unconvinced by Clarendon's *laudes temporis acti*, but that he was so little carried away by reaction as to realise that absolutist intransigence of his brother's sort must be put away by the man who would be king in England.

The charge of insufficient Englishry is most absurd of all in the case of James II, as Mr. Belloc has well demonstrated. That he of all men should have been handed down as the servile dependant of France, he who most foolishly terminated the receipt of Louis' subsidy and resented as patronage Louis' offers of help against William of Orange—this is the most glaring perversion of truth in the whole tradition of our history. The cause of all this is not far to find. The Stuarts had connections with Catholicism. Charles I had a proselytising Catholic wife ; Charles II was reconciled to Catholicism on his deathbed, and James II flaunted it. Now to the Whigs Catholicism was *the* foreign thing, since Whiggery was simply fighting Protestantism organised for political purposes ; and so, with their final triumph in the country, Whig-Protestantism became *the* English atmosphere and

Catholicism *the* foreign thing.

But the completeness of the victory must not bury the fact that there was something to defeat. Catholicism in Stuart times was something more than a mere matter of Popish queens and French ambassadors. The Popish Plot scare was three-quarters hysteria, but men are not hysterical about nothing, and Catholicism at that time was a real, though small, element in the life of the nation. Unless this be granted, that Catholicism counted for something and might well count for more, the whole business of the Popish Plot makes nonsense. No well-informed man, now or then, could seriously believe that England, with a Protestantism over a century established, was in danger of being driven back to Popery by force. Some text-books still repeat the story that Charles II and Louis XIV (of all men !) plotted this, but it is transparent fable. But there was another prospect which intelligent Protestants very sensibly viewed with alarm—that Popery would completely capture the Court and the great social influence flowing therefrom, that the disabilities under which Catholics laboured would be removed, and that the moral and intellectual advance of Catholicism, so pronounced on the Continent during that century, would be paralleled in England. This was possible, at one time probable. But to say that, because England in fact took a different course, this other possible England would have been un-English is to rob lost causes everywhere of their vital interest, and to condemn equally with the England desired by the Papists the France envisaged by the Huguenots.

The second charge against the Stuarts is that they were would-be tyrants, wishing to erect on the ruins of English liberties an absolute monarchy like that of Louis XIV in France. This charge, unlike the first, has real weight and can, up to a point, be substantiated. It is undeniably true that the Stuarts did seek to ignore, and, when that was impossible, to circumvent parlia-

ment. But it is difficult to see what else they could have done. Facile condemnation of them because they did not cooperate with their parliaments gets us nowhere, for their own complaint, repeated again and again, was precisely that their parliaments would not cooperate with them. What we have to ask is this : given serious differences between king and parliament, which side might most reasonably expect the other to give way? We are not concerned so much with the matter of the dispute as with the responsibility for the deadlock.

It is not as if it were a quarrel between king and people, in which case the sovereignty of popular will might be invoked as a retrospective justification of parliamentary resistance. Charles I was a better representative of his people, high and lowly, than the moneyed and titled men who made up parliament. The conflict was between such a parliament and the government. That " the government " could be anything other than the king assisted by ministers freely picked by him was an idea then unheard of. It was accepted custom that parliament should present grievances. That special supply required the grant of the taxpayers in parliament was also accepted custom. But that parliament should use the need of the king to dictate general policy to the government was something new ; and meanwhile it was the duty of the government to govern, that is, to initiate and direct policy. The deadlock could only be resolved on the king's part by his abdicating what were then his peculiar, necessary and undisputed functions.

It is said that parliament distrusted the Stuarts' religious policy and could not leave them free to pursue a course dangerous to Protestantism. But not even when the king was acting *en bon protestant* did parliament give him adequate support, and to a great extent Protestant vigilance was a cloak to sheer meanness. Charles I did not find that his intervention on the Protestant side in the Thirty Years War loosened the Commons' grip on the purse-strings, nor did the Cavalier Parliament make

it worth Charles II's while to stick to the Protestant Triple Alliance of 1668. It is said, of course, that the king's ministers were not to be trusted, but, since the king was personally the head of the ministry, to have chosen his ministers for him would have been to deny him a discretion indispensable to a modern Prime Minister. All this does not deny that the Houses may have had grounds for distrust, but it does indicate that the kings had every reason to regard their parliaments as cantankerous, obstructive and a mere weakness to government. To starve his administration and ignore his personal wishes is not the way for a parliament to make a king enamoured of limited monarchy.

But if the Stuarts could not get on with parliaments and were driven by the logic of their position to evade them and so endanger a particular English liberty, it should be remembered that there were other liberties which they sought to protect against the inroads of the parliamentary classes. It should be remembered that the Court of Star Chamber was in the last resort the protection of the poor against the rich. It should be remembered that the traditional Whig version of that court's history—that it started under Henry VII as a valuable corrective to feudal anarchy, but ended under Charles I as an engine of tyranny—is nonsense. The Star Chamber performed the same functions under Charles I as it performed under Wolsey. From beginning (if it had a beginning) to end it was an extra-legal tribunal, thoroughly tyrannous in theory and often harsh and unjust in practice, but with one overriding justification : that it was, unlike the common law courts, superior to bribery, intimidation and class interests. It was the indispensable instrument of the monarchy in repressing alike the ancient recalcitrance of decaying feudalism and the newer pretensions of classes prodigiously enriched by the growth of commerce and the spoilation of the Church. It was no respecter of persons. It was an offence to the wealthy who sought to arrogate to themselves unavowed

privileges, and who resented that their enclosures of common land should be punished like the thefts of common subjects. The destruction of this court was one of the first acts of the Long Parliament, and it broke the back of the monarchy. The last two Stuarts fought, so to speak, with their hands tied behind their backs. Charles II himself detected the perjuries of Oates by personally examining him in council; but the Council, could do nothing; all had to be left to the common law and we know what was the result of that.

Charge number three against the Stuarts—that they were unpatriotic, preferring the advancement of their power at home to the greatness of England abroad—is simply stupid. First, perhaps, it will be well to consider an action of Charles II made notorious by Whig historians as the utter proof of his unpatriotic heart. I refer to his taking of Louis XIV's money. The fact that politicians of the Whig Opposition did likewise is not suppressed, for it cannot be. But it is not emphasised, while Charles' French pension is. And yet a moment's reflection must show anyone that the two actions are in different categories. Charles II was the government. The taking of money by one government from another is a common act enough; it is about the only way of being certain of getting something out of an alliance; it is not in itself in any way shameful. But the taking of foreign pay by a subject, to oppose, albeit constitutionally, his sovereign, is morally treason.

In general, the Stuarts were miserably weak abroad. But the reason is precisely that they were not masters at home. Parliament never granted them sufficient money even for special and approved enterprises. The only ways in which martial appearances could be kept up were endless mortgaging of the revenue and diverse attempts to find loopholes in parliamentary control of taxation. Such a loophole was Ship Money. It has always been insisted in history books that the legal case for Rex *v.* Hampden was thin; perhaps it was. It is also insisted

that Ship Money would have developed into an arbitrary tax for general purposes as the *taille* had done in France ; perhaps it would. But what we do not hear emphasised is that, in actual fact, every penny of Ship Money was spent on ships, and that without it control of the Narrow Seas would certainly have gone to Holland and France. Nor is the case different after the Restoration. Charles II laid up the fleet, and Dutch guns reverberated up the Thames. What a falling-off from the days when Blake swept Tromp from the seas and Cromwell's Ironsides were respected by the captains of Europe ! But why did not our Whig historians, instead of implying that it was in some dim way due to Popery and immorality at Court, tell us that the sorry contrast was simply due to the fact that Cromwell, military dictator, had been able to tax the country arbitrarily as she had never been taxed before or since ? For Cromwell is the exception that proves the rule of seventeenth-century governmental penury.

The last charge against the Stuarts, that they were unreliable in money matters, at least touches the core of the whole matter. That the Stuart governments were feeble with debt is obvious : but to contrast them to their shame with the triumphant Whigs, waging successful war on a buoyant revenue, is bad historical criticism.

The revenue, before the Puritan Revolution, consisted of three parts : that which was fixed and permanent, dependent upon no parliamentary grant ; that which was special and occasional and in the gift of parliament ; and that which, though renewable by parliament at every accession, was regular and continuous.

The permanent and independent revenue came from two main sources : rents from Crown Lands, and feudal dues payable by tenants-in-chief. This income was very inelastic, limited in the first case by ancient custom and in the second by rigid restrictions, of which Magna Carta was the most famous. This revenue had in earlier centuries met the modest needs of normal and peaceful

government, though always insufficient for war. By 1603 it had become inadequate altogether, for the cost of administration had increased with the widening ambit of Tudor government, while the value of money had fallen disastrously under the influx of American gold. Elizabeth, despite a parsimony that jeopardised national safety, left to James I a debt 26 per cent. larger than a normal year's revenue.

There was, however, a further source of ordinary revenue which provided to some extent the elasticity needed to keep some proportion between income and expenditure. This was the duties known as Tunnage and Poundage. Their usefulness was that they reflected to some extent the growing commercial prosperity of the country, and also that they were granted for life. They had been so granted at every accession since Henry IV and the grant was now considered something of a formality. As England was becoming steadily richer and more mercantile, Tunnage and Poundage promised to become the best part of the king's ordinary income. Perhaps it is because of this that we find parliament, at Charles I's accession, in defiance of two centuries of custom, making the grant *for one year only*.

Technically, of course, the Commons were within their rights. But the ill-will is so blatant, the determination to encroach on the king's independence so clear, that we should bear it in mind when distributing blame for the dreary disputes which clogged the proceedings of subsequent parliaments. For the Commons acted thus not as a riposte in a long duel with the king, but at the very beginning of the reign of a hitherto blameless prince absorbed in a Protestant war.

But with or without Tunnage and Poundage, the Stuarts could not carry on long without special parliamentary grants, and on no single occasion in the century did a parliamentary grant equal the sum required. Even the delirium of 1660 did not produce enough to meet current expenses and pay off old debts. The deficiency had to be met by borrowing until most of the revenue

was so hopelessly mortgaged that the expenses of the Third Dutch War could only be met by the much-misrepresented Stop of the Exchequer.

But why, with the removal of the Stuarts, did all this cease? How, at last, were the swelling resources of the nation effectually tapped? The answer is, by borrowing. But the Stuarts borrowed; wherein lay the revolution? It lay in this: that after the formation of the Bank of England the people who lent the government money were also the people who had virtual control of the government. From 1694 onward the State became a sort of joint-stock company in which the Whigs and their allies held a controlling interest. Thereafter the financial game was simple. The Whigs waged war on an unprecedented scale because they were deeply interested in trade and shrewdly foresaw that trade would follow the flag. The unprecedented expenses were met by subscription from Whiggish pockets of huge State Loans. These were a calculated investment, since the investors could ensure the safety of their capital by seeing that the war was directed to commercially profitable ends while securing the payment of their interest by a policy of taxation falling upon the nation at large. Such operations were impossible to the Stuarts because they never submitted to become the instruments of Big Business. For good or evil, succeeding governments have been little else. The creation of the National Debt was bitterly attacked by contemporary critics of the Whigs, who charged them quite accurately with mortgaging the nation's future. But the Whigs were wise in their generation; enormous prosperity, later accelerated by the industrial revolution, followed their rise to power, and Tory misgivings were laughed out of court. The high tide of Victorian prosperity concealed the submerged snags of debt, but it did not wash them away; and now, when the tide has receded and the ugly snags lie bare, we may begin to question the wisdom of that economic policy which the Whigs for so long considered their greatest title to the nation's gratitude.

# Autocracy on the Air

*By John England*

IT is British law that public comment shall not be allowed on a matter under judicial inquiry. That is excellent law, and the best protection there has ever been for the individual. But when the law becomes, as it has become, a habit, and the habit is applied, as sometimes it is applied, to matters under non-judicial inquiry and affecting not the individual but the nation, then the influence of the law becomes pernicious.

This is notably the case in the matter of broadcasting. A Government commission has been inquiring into the future of British broadcasting since October of last year Its report is expected soon to be made public. Yet in all this time, in a time, that is, when public suggestions might have been most fruitfully considered, the British Broadcasting Corporation has not only been almost immune from criticism ; it has not even been the subject of uncritical comment. It is to be hoped that the time thus lost will be made up between now and 1936, when the B.B.C.'s charter is due for renewal. For if there be truth in the circumstantial reports that the Ullswater Commission intends to propose no serious change in the B.B.C.'s charter, the British public may find itself saddled with an institution which adds to occasional incompetence a potential maleficence greater than that of any institution that has gone before.

The common replies to critics of the B.B.C. are two : " Is any other broadcasting service better ? " and " At any rate *we* don't mix advertising with our music ? " The replies to both are not necessarily what the questioners expect. In fact American broadcasting is by artistic standards much better. In fact our self-righteousness about advertising is shared by twelve other nations which have forbidden broadcast advertisement. And in fact the B.B.C. does, indirectly, mix advertising with music when it broadcasts programmes of " Songs from the Shows."

These questions, however, are inconsequential. Few of the seven and a half million licensed wireless listeners of Great Britain are concerned to consider whether British broadcasting is better than French or German or Russian, since to most of them French and German and Russian are unknown languages. Their immediate concern is whether broadcasting is better than the theatre or the cinema or reading; and their ultimate concern, inasmuch as broadcasting may one day develop that long-heralded technique of its own, is whether British broadcasting is good in itself.

As to broadcast advertising, there has been more nonsense talked and written on this subject than on any other subject related to broadcasting. I can understand why newspaper and other vested interests object to broadcast advertising (though I believe the fear on which their objection is based to be exaggerated). I cannot understand why listeners, who see advertising every day in their newspapers, on hoardings and in their cinemas, should become so sensitive at the mere thought of advertising on the air. Advertising in newspapers and on hoardings has long been a public utility, and has lately, thanks to Shell, Guinness and some other advertisers, become a public entertainment. Provided it were done with the same sense of the medium and with equal intelligence, there is no reason why broadcast advertising should be any less useful and any less entertaining.

The truth is that questions as to the goodness or badness of B.B.C. programmes, as to the desirability or otherwise of putting over the air what is erroneously known as the Oxford accent, as to the Right or Left wing political bias of B.B.C. news talks, and the like, are all subordinate to a much greater question. That much greater question is the question of control of broadcasting. And control of broadcasting is a question of such immense importance that the Ullswater Commission will be doing a public disservice if it skates over it.

In respect of control the B.B.C. is in an unique

position. It is a public corporation, that is to say, neither a public utility service operated by civil servants and responsible to Parliament like the Post Office, nor a private enterprise subject, like the railways, to the laws of profit and loss, and, more important, to competition.

In theory the B.B.C. is under the control of the Postmaster-General. In fact that control is so slight, and so indirect, that it amounts to no control at all. While it accepts the principle of governmental (which in the ultimate resort is public) control of housing, of traffic, of foreign policy, even in part of education, the British public is so suspicious of partisan propaganda that—or so it is said—it would instantly resent any attempt to dictate policy to the B.B.C. The British public apparently quite fails to see that in pursuing this perhaps laudable desire—if it does pursue it—it is presenting to one man, or at most to a group of four or five men, a power which it refuses to grant to a government presumably the expression of the will of a majority of the nation.

For the B.B.C. as at present constituted is responsible to none but its Director-General, and its Director-General only to his Board of Governors. It is true that a similar situation obtains in the cases of the London Passenger Transport Board and the Central Electricity Board. But both the London Transport Board and the Central Electricity Board are brought into closer financial contact with their customers ; both are concerned with the supply of comparatively easily checked material services, in contrast with the B.B.C.'s intellectual service ; and there is no doubt that in both there is inherent the same danger as in the B.B.C.. In all three there is the danger that exists in any monopoly. It is because of that danger that control of the B.B.C. is an imperative question.

Whether as medium of instruction, as medium of entertainment, or as medium of information, the B.B.C.

is unlike any other agency. There is no school in this country which is not subject to control either by the State, or by the local authority, or by parents, for it is from one or more of these bodies that the school must derive the money on which it is run. There is no theatre or cinema—to take the easiest examples of providers of entertainment—which is not dependent in the long run on the public which pays to enter it. There is no newspaper—to take the easiest, though perhaps an imperfect, example of a provider of information—which is not in the long run dependent on the people who buy it. (To speak of a newspaper living by advertisements is to put the cart before the horse : the newspaper only has the advertisements because people buy the newspaper.)

In other words every medium of instruction, entertainment and information other than the B.B.C. must meet the needs of those whom it exists to serve, or fail. To express this in individual terms, if I do not like Harrow, I can send my son to the local grammar school or to Winchester ; if I do not like a particular theatre, I can go to another, or to a cinema ; if I do not like *The Times* and the *Daily Express*, I can turn to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *News Chronicle*. If a sufficient number of people agreed with me in disliking Harrow or a particular theatre, or *The Times* and the *Daily Express*, then Harrow and that particular theatre and *The Times* and the *Daily Express* would cease to exist.

But if I do not like the B.B.C.'s music, or talks, or news presentation, I have, effectively and unless I am a brilliant linguist, no alternative but to forgo all broadcast entertainment or instruction or information. I can, of course, refrain from taking out my wireless licence at the end of the year. But the cost of the licence is so small in comparison with the capital outlay on a wireless receiver that it is unlikely that a sufficient number of people would follow my example to have any appreciable effect on the B.B.C.'s revenue. I can also write to the B.B.C. to express my opinion of its programmes ;

and I am confident, from my personal knowledge of the personnel of the B.B.C., that my letter would be courteously acknowledged and my criticism carefully considered. I can also write to news and other papers in criticism of the B.B.C., with a fair certainty that my criticism will again be noted in the B.B.C. Finally (in seeming controversion of what I have said above), there is the fact that I, in that typical of millions of other wireless listeners, have no very serious criticism of the B.B.C.'s programmes to offer.

But all this does not alter the prime fact that the British public, the public the B.B.C. exists to serve, has no power, direct or indirect, to compel the B.B.C. to follow one policy or abandon another.

There is no doubt a case for such autocracy as the B.B.C. at present exercises. There are those who say that for efficiency's sake it is desirable that the B.B.C. and the London Transport Board and the Central Electricity Board must be free from public control. But even those who share this belief would not, I think, be willing that an autocracy should come into being, as it were without notice of the question. The Government should therefore publicly declare, and the Ullswater Commission should call upon it to declare, either that the B.B.C. is to be continued as an autocracy or that it is to be subject to control.

If the latter policy should be the one to be declared, then some new form of control would have to be devised. The control would, obviously, have to be general and not specific; it would be as impossible for any agency outside Broadcasting House to direct the minutiæ of broadcast programmes as it would be for any agency outside the Post Office to control the postman's rounds. Control would, equally obviously, be more useful if indirect: committees of wireless listeners would not easily be formed in a world in which nobody likes to work without pay and would be of as doubtful utility as would a committee of playgoers directing the producer of the play.

Perhaps the best form of control would be a combination of three forms of control—by the public, by commerce, and by the Government. They might work thus : The public could pay for its wireless licence (and pay more) week by week ; a sudden drop in revenue would then be a clear indication to the B.B.C. that its programmes of the week before had not met the public need. Commercial firms could advertise ; and they would certainly withhold their advertising if they thought that the B.B.C. was not attracting the listening public. The government could exercise the control it already has in theory at more frequent intervals than are created by the necessity to appoint a new member of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. I am not suggesting that Sir John Reith should run to Parliament as an ingratiating schoolboy runs to his prefect. I do suggest that the claim that the policy of the B.B.C. should be above public control is ridiculous. No one has ever claimed that control of foreign policy, which is surely of at least equal importance, should be taken out of the hands of the Foreign Secretary and placed in the hands of a Board of Governors of the Foreign Office.

In practice the B.B.C. under Sir John Reith has proved an admirable organisation, and admirably responsive to public need. In practice control of the B.B.C. may present some difficulties. But the admirable nature of the present organisation, and the difficulties inherent in any attempt to adapt it to public control, should not obscure the fact that, unless we are willing to have an autocracy of instruction, entertainment and information, controlled the B.B.C. must eventually be.

# Their Daily Bread

*By Andrew Andrews*

WILKIE MOUSEN, coxswain of the Deanpool lifeboat, gazed wistfully seawards. Visibility, poor all day, was growing no better with the approach of evening. He spat, his heavy stomach muscles quivering slightly against the coping stone of the sea wall.

His eyes travelled over the distant "Long Wash" sands, and without lifting his gaze he said to his companion. "Nice calm night, 'an coming on a bit thick." He paused then continued, "Should'nt mind a ship aground to-night. Would'nt do 'em much harm, an' might do me a bit of good." The other man looked sadly sceptical. "It's all this navigation, that does it. 'Aint been nothing doing around here for months and months." "Yes and old Whooper got the last job, when that barge went ashore on the 'Stony Bank,'" grumbled the coxswain, "An' what did he do for his two hundred pounds, I would like to know?" "'E puts out a kedge astern for 'em same as they could have done for their selves, and the tide did the rest! When they floats 'e 'elps them set a staysail, and then comes ashore and sees a solicitor: pirating I calls it." "Yes, that sort of thing 'aint right," agreed the companion, who also formed part of the lifeboat's crew. The sun went down, and the fog came up, over a greasy sea. Deanpool slept, while shrouded lighthouses flashed invisible warnings to anxious navigators, who, in ships big and small, felt their way along the sea roads of the Channel. Among these, the Black Pearl carefully picked her way, bound for the London river. With lazy bow wave and slowly pulsing engines, she followed her appointed course. From the leadsman, came the repeated cry of even soundings; a foghorn moaned from the unseen world ahead. In language that for pure expletive beauty could not have been bettered by a Bengal Lancer, the "Old Man" said

what he thought of west bound traffic that strayed into paths that belonged to those steaming east. The siren roared that the head of the Black Pearl was being directed to port.

In a minute came the answering wails that told of the unknown steamer's bows, likewise being turned to port. On both ships the officers sighed their relief. "Maybe we are a bit to the south'ard of our proper position," murmured the master of the Black Pearl removing his hands from the rail before him; they were soaking and he dried them on his thighs. "Mr. Banks, give her a point more north, and keep her there for ten minutes." The mate repeated the order to the man at the wheel, and then watched the illumined bowl of the compass. "Steady as she is," he said. "Steady as she is," answered the man. "We ought to hear the lightship soon—unless we are too far out," It was the captain speaking, half aloud. The voice almost begged for sympathetic confirmation.

But on nights like this the loneliness that is a master's life must of necessity be accentuated, not lessened. The boom of fog horns, the cry of the leadsman, and the even drum of engines, made up the noises of the night. The "Old Man" kept glancing at his watch. Seven minutes, of the allotted ten, had sped when the voice of the sounder rose a tone as he called the depth. They were in a fathom and a half less water. "Four points to starboard," said the commander: as he spoke, they felt a quiver; from below their feet rose a sighing hiss. They all lurched forward, and knew that the ship had stopped. "Full astern, take a sounding forrard and another aft. See if there is more water to starboard than to port." The "Old Man" spoke firmly but quite quietly. He was fifty-two years of age, and this disaster might mean disgrace and poverty for the rest of his life.

He turned to the second officer, who in his night clothes and sea boots had just raced on to the bridge. "Stand by the leadsman and tell me if we are coming off." The

even deliberate tones of the captain restored to the young man the composure he had lost. The minutes went by and the ship did not budge, and with a feeling that he was burning his own ticket the captain lit the first rocket. Simultaneously the wireless spat out its litter of sparks.

Five miles away on Deanpool breakwater, a signal gun crashed out its horrid detonation. In his sleep Mr. Wilkie Mousen gave a start. He half sat up in bed. His eyes would not open. He gave an angry whine, like that of a dog who is being held when its master calls. In agonized tones Mrs. Mousen shouted, then shook her spouse.

In house after house men dressed in frenzied excitement, and though their husbands were half naked, the wives urged them to run for it and dress on the way down. Doors slammed, panting men clattered down deserted streets. Two people reached the lifeboat together; each touched its gunwale. "Anyway we are here," they cried in one breathless voice.

The rest of the crew came gasping and crunching across the shingle; as each appeared upon the scene, he touched the gunwale to signify that by right of prior arrival he at any rate was entitled to his seat in the boat. Four late comers gazed at the now launched vessel. "Take us," shouted one of their number. "Can't carry more than the regulation crew, you knows the orders as well as me," answered the coxswain. "Oh, take us, no one will know!" "Take me anyhow," panted the last arrival of all. "I have always been a friend to you, have'nt I?" he added.

"Can't be done," shouted Wilkie, from the now moving craft.

"Mean pigs," cried a voice, from among those left behind. "Clever ain't you? don't give no one else a chance, do you? an me run all down here like a flamin' grey'ound."

But the lifeboat was half-way across the harbour and

other matters were gripping the attention of the alert coxswain.

" Look," he whispered, " Ole Whooper is getting out his launch, there's Charley and Dick aboard too. Going shrimping ? " he shouted.

" Yes, and half a knot faster than you," replied Mr. Whooper drily.

" Well you need not waste your petrol," answered the coxswain, " we are only out for a practice run, back in half an hour."

There came a grunt from the bent form of Whooper as he tugged at the starting handle of his engine.

" Dirty work that," murmured the coxswain, " why don't he join the crew of the lifeboat, same as the rest of us ? "

The fact that Mr. Whooper was lame was not taken into account.

A snarl of anguish told of a skinned knuckle. This prompted Mr. Wilkie Mousen to call out, " What's all the hurry, you ain't got to keep no time table, and I tells you we are only out on a bit of practice." Mr. Whooper straightened his back and shouted, " I suppose you swam out to the Long Wash sands just now and fired off that rocket, just for practice, you silly hake."

The coxswain turned away, and whispered to the engineer, " Give it to her Joe, it will take that perisher five minutes to start the old rust box, what he stole from a poor innocent yachtsman that didn't know what it was worth."

Had it been a wild and dangerous night, this same lifeboat's crew would have willingly risked their lives, in the service to which they were sworn. But to-night was one dedicated by the conditions of wind and tide to the more pleasant business of salvage, and happy visions of healthy reward floated through the minds of all. In a straight even dash the squat hulled lifeboat sped over the still sea. Within five minutes of leaving the harbour, the friendly red light had turned orange and

then vanished into the fog. Going their hardest, the five miles they had to cover would take the best part of half an hour. The engineer nursed his charges, the coxswain steered with the skill of life-long practice in his tough fingers. Once they took soundings, after which they altered course to pass through a "gat" in the sands. Occasionally someone lit a pipe. All ears were a-tingle to catch the first sounds of pursuit. Three heads simultaneously craned back over the stern. No one said anything; in a few minutes the others also heard the distant note of an engine.

Steadily the unwelcome sound grew louder and anxiously the coxswain looked at the clock. "Ought to build these boats a sight faster than this," he complained, glaring at the wedge of bubbles that slipped past them on the calm surface of the sea.

"There he be," exclaimed someone, looking astern.

"She," said the coxswain, referring to the stranded ship, "ain't afar off now." Trembling under the strain and vibrating visibly, the boat carrying Mr. Whooper and his friends drew alongside. "'Aving a nice little practice mister?" he asked.

"Why can't you join the lifeboat, same as what others do?" roared Mr. Wilkie Mousen. "Promised my old woman I would always keep decent company," came the bland answer. "You won't make no money rushing about in a bumboat like that," snorted the coxswain. "Money?" said Mr. Whooper, "I am not looking for money. I am a 'ero I am, saving life on the 'igh seas." At that moment his rival saw somewhere to port the hazy outlines of their mutual quarry. "There, there, she is," he shouted, waving frantically to starboard; up went his helm, Mr. Whooper followed suit, the lifeboat reduced speed, the launch drew rapidly ahead, then came a cry from both boats: "Oh Gawd, the dirty robbers!" They had seen the low navigation lights, of what must be a tug, heading for the steamer.

Abandoning all pretence, the lifeboat turned sharply,

Whooper did likewise and together they raced for the unknown ship. The tug had also seen them ; her master barked down the voice tube, " Come on, shake things up Alf, or we will have all the Deanpool longshoremen there before us." In a dither of anxiety, the three craft hurled themselves on their prey. The first to come abreast of the bridge was the lifeboat. " You aground captain ? " he bellowed at the officer high above him. Then came the tug, and her master yelled upwards, " Afraid you are ashore here, give us a line and I will get you off." " How much ? " answered the captain. " Make it five hundred pounds, you are in a bad place. Be quick, there is a swell setting up the coast and you will be bumping something wicked when the tide turns." " We got here first ! " roared Mr. Mousen, " make an anchor fast on to a float and we will tow it out into deep water for you and cut it away in the right place."

" How much ? " came the voice from the bridge. " Oh it doesn't matter about that. You are in an ugly place here. A barge loaded with steel broke up just where you are, last winter, didn't she George ? If you don't get off soon captain, you will have some of those rails stoving in your plates." Again the captain cried " How much ? "

At that moment the tug bumped alongside, and some of her crew tried to force a landing on the steamer's decks, which was prevented by the second officer and the port watch. All this time Mr. Whooper had been cruising round, taking soundings as if his life depended on it. When he had finished, he rejoined the three vessels on the edge of the sands, where a fierce altercation was raging between the coxswain and the master of the tug, as to who had come alongside first ; for such details are of vast importance in matters of salvage. " You sent up a rocket, captain, you gotter treat us fair," pleaded the owner of the tug. " Never mind him sir," shouted Wilkie Mousen, " 'e wouldn't treat a 'addock fair, nor nobody else for that matter." " When did you and your

blinking lifeboat become a salvage tug?" jeered the skipper of the genuine article. "I 'aven't asked for no money, have I? You greedy farmer, you; coming out here and hollering for five hundred pounds. Aint yer got no shame? Why don't yer make it pence?"

At that moment the wash of a passing liner, some miles to seaward, set the smaller boats rolling, and a few minutes later came the whisper of breakers, on a head of sand, not yet covered by the rising flood tide. "That swell is beginning to make, captain," cried Mr. Mousen, "you had better let us give you a hand. If it was blowing," he added reproachfully, "you would take our help fast enough." Mr. Whooper lit a match and held it up in the still air, on the lifeboat. His action was not deemed funny. So Mr. Whooper left the port side of the steamer, which struck him as being overcrowded and slightly unprofitable. He dropped astern of the Black Pearl, and motored slowly up the other side of the ship.

"Hey mister," he called up. From above someone snapped out "What is it?" "You are five miles west of the lightship, there ain't much water ahead of yer, or to port, but I have took soundings astern of yer and to starboard, and there is plenty there. When the tide floats yer in about three hours time, you gotter look out yer don't drive up the bank." The man on the bridge cried out, "Thanks for telling me, we can't see much from up here. What about that swell the others spoke of?" "A steamer made that. It weren't no swell, so don't you worry; and one more thing, those blokes on the port side forgot to tell you the rails of that barge that broke up about here were salvaged a week after she went down."

"Who are you?" asked the captain. "Me? I am Whooper, my missus keeps the bakery and dairy in the high street." At that moment, suspicious of the longshoreman's absence, the lifeboat came round to investigate.

Unobtrusively Mr. Whooper made for home, pushing five treasury notes into the waistcoat under his guernsey.

Before he was out of earshot he heard the roar of another anchor, crashing into the sea. On the steamer, men had hastily shackled the emergency stern ground tackle, for with her rudder to the oncoming flood tide she would slowly slew round as she began to float, and once broadside on to the spring flood, she might easily drive higher and higher up the bank. Now, from the captain's point of view, to employ a tug meant adding gravity to the inquiry that would follow the stranding; not to employ one might mean worse. But the "Old Man" had used the seas these thirty years, and in calm weather it held no particular terror for him. What he did fear was the Board of Trade inquiry; with perhaps a consequent loss of certificate, for merchant marine officers are treated with a severity which is the habit of most courts from which appeal is nearly impossible.

Using his megaphone, the tug master wailed, "There is a horrid boil of waters under your stern, captain. Better give us a warp while there is time." The warning was disturbing, but with the aid of capstan and tackle, a second anchor was being dragged aft. The two ought to hold, even if they could not be given much scope when their time came. Entreaties from the tug grew more frenzied, for now there was some substance for the repeated warnings. The master flung up to the bridge. "How much do you want to lay out those stern anchors the full length of their chain?" demanded the captain.

In an instant the tug master's tone changed. "It's a salvage job now, sir, but don't worry. I will get you off." "I will give you fifty quid," said the captain, turning away as he spoke.

"I will stand by you," shouted Mr. Mousen, "we will take out a light anchor for you, do it cheap, mister." But the second officer came aft at a run: "We are moving slowly ahead sir." At this news, the commander hurried to the bridge. "Slack out on the after anchors, weigh the port and starboard anchors. Jump to it, before she rides over them." He gave no other orders, but

watched link after link disappear over the stern. The lifeboat's crew, though slightly disappointed that nothing more than their standard charge was coming their way, were not as unhappy as the men in the tug, who looked like making even less. It was as they sadly watched the steamer bring up to her stern gear, that someone cried, " 'allo here is Old Whooper, where the blazes did he get to ? " " What cheer, ugly, come to tow her off have you ? " shouted the tug master. " Ain't none of you robbed 'im yet ? " grinned the longshoreman. Ignoring sundry rude answers, he slid along the deserted side of the " Black Pearl." A line was lowered to him with a basket attached. " Are you afloat yet captain ? " " Just about," came the reply. Then : " Thank you very much. Compliments to your wife ; goodnight." In ten minutes time the steamer had resumed her journey. " Didn't you fellows get any money for all that advice ? " called the longshoreman to the respective rival crews. " You didn't, did you ? " yelped the coxswain, whose suspicion was aroused by the tone of Mr. Whooper's voice.

" Oh yes I did," came the reply. " I got five pounds. Show it to you to-morrow if you like." In furious tones, everybody who had heard what he said demanded how Whooper had come by the cash. " What did he give the likes of you money for ? " asked the tug master. " Yes, what have you done behind yer pals' backs ? " echoed the coxswain. " Oh I just popped ashore and brought out a sack of new bread and some fresh milk ; those poor fellers 'ad been at sea nearly a month. Good night, you 'eroes."

# The Future of the Jew

*By A. D. Cohen*

THE Jewish problem remains to all appearance insoluble. Hitler's crusade might in a sense be held to explain and justify the proposal for a Jewish State in Palestine. Yet the one, we hope to show, is as much of an anachronism as the other. If the problem is to be solved at all, it must be solved *in situ*. This was frankly recognised in the treaties made at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 to protect the rights of minorities, of whom not the least important, and certainly the most insistent at the time, were the Jews.

If we except Nazi Germany, and possibly Poland, any active feeling against Jews is confined to the South Eastern corner of Europe. No one disputes the need of a home for the victims of anti-Semitism, but were that all, East Africa or Canada would have done as well as Palestine. Nor would there be much objection to a Jewish settlement, as distinct from a Jewish State or National Home, in Palestine itself. There have been many such, financed by Jewish charity, in the past.

The present enterprise differs from its predecessors only in its political implications. For the enthusiasm and practical ability of these pioneers there can be nothing but praise; but if the more Chauvinist among them have their way, a new frontier is to be set up, still another pawn put down on the complicated chessboard of Near Eastern politics. On the one hand, the Arabs, who are, after all, the prescriptive inhabitants, resent the Jewish invasion. On the other, nothing less than a virtual monopoly in Palestine will satisfy the Jews. Meanwhile the Mandatory Power does not seem to have made up its mind whether it will stand by the Jews' claims or, as the biggest Moslem Power in the world, protect the rights of the Arabs: its policy oscillates between these two extremes according as Jewish interests at home or the exigencies of Empire prevail for the moment. In any case, as Palestine can only hold a

fraction of the world's Jews, it is in no sense a solution and raises more difficulties than it solves.

Now the old Zionism was different. Hounded and oppressed for over two thousand years, the Jew has gone about hugging the hope of a Deliverer. It was this Messianic motive which supplied to pre-Balfourian Zionism its impetus. So much so, that any experiment in nation-building now may well fail just because the idealism that gave it birth has no more reason to exist. The Jew, if he is true to type, will find the four corners of his fatherland too cramped after the spacious freedom of the world. In any case, the attempt to revive a dead language (what an opportunity, by the way, of trying out Esperanto has been missed) and an obsolete culture within the precincts of a modern State is no more likely to succeed than the similar revival in Ireland. Indeed, less so, for you are dealing with a population, some of it, at any rate, drawn from the most advanced countries of the West. Relativity and phylacteries do not go well together, even though Einstein be a good Jew. In the last resort, therefore, Palestine may develop into a Jewish syndicate for the culture and export of oranges, a strange anti-climax to the agelong travail of the Jew.

So long as Zionism remained an unfulfilled dream, it bore witness to a people living without frontier or flag, at home in every part of the world and owing final allegiance to none but God as exemplified in the *Torah* or the Law. The Jew's attitude has never been "My country, right or wrong." For one thing, he has had until now no country to call his own. The world was his parish. Politics, before the advent of representative government, meant the supremacy of one ruler or another supported by an army, and the Jew was either exempted or debarred from military service on payment of a poll tax, where indeed the "sinews of war" were not extracted from him by less gentle means. For better or worse, he was thus deprived of one incentive to patriotism. The Dreyfus case, while it brought out the worst in French

public life, also gave fresh point to a widespread feeling that the Jew is at heart incapable of loyalty to his adopted country. That feeling, let us hope, has been dispelled by the Great War. But the feeling was not without excuse in the facts of Jewish history. We have all met that unpleasant variety of Jew who is more British than the British or more French than the French. Generally speaking, patriotism has at no time been enough for the Jew.

There is, of course, that famous apostrophe : " Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning." The Jerusalem of the exile's dreams, however, was pure cloud-cuckoo-land, or, more exactly, the focal point of his Messianic hopes and desires. While the Temple stood, the Jews did everything except remember Jerusalem. It was their own bitter feuds that paved the way for the Romans. Behind this apparent perversity there might even have been a subconscious racial urge deliberately to destroy the Jerusalem of stone and mortar in order to raise, on its ruins, that other Jerusalem, a deathless city of God. At any rate, the historical mission of the Jews would appear to have been to prove that it is possible for a people to attain a high degree of cohesion and common purpose without the usual appurtenances of nationality. The Diaspora, in this sense, has been a forerunner of the internationalism of Bertrand Russell and Wells.

Belonging nowhere, the Jew belongs everywhere. But belonging nowhere (and there is, of course, another side to the picture) he is also a stranger everywhere. A Jew, someone has said, always gives the impression of excusing himself. Is that to be wondered at ? He is the eternal foreigner and, like all foreigners in a world still run on tribal lines, suspect. The creation of a Jewish State will make the Jew's position in this respect more, not less, equivocal than it is. Outside Palestine he will, if he is consistent, have to admit a double loyalty. And in the extreme, though not impossible, event of a

clash between Palestine and Britain or France, which side would the Jew of foreign domicile take ?

Let us consider the Jew as he is. It is never safe to dogmatise about racial differences, but the peculiar vicissitudes through which the Jewish race has passed were bound to leave their mark on it. Always struggling against a hostile environment, and an environment never the same for long, its very life depended on its adaptability. Its wits would be sharpened to the point of cunning. Camouflage would be one of its weapons. The Jew is a past master in the art of insinuating himself till the host becomes tolerant to its parasite and a working arrangement is established.

He is parasite of necessity, not by choice. Forced into the most unsavoury occupations, however, he has made of his disabilities a means to power. He has been a trafficker not only in goods but in ideas. Spiritually incorruptible himself, he has carried the pollen of new religions, new systems of thought, to the ends of the earth. Jews gave Europe the Bible, and a Jew, Spinoza, overthrew the authority of the Bible. A race of bankers and financiers, they have led the revolt against riches. The Socialist movement owes a lot to Jewish pioneers like Lasalle and Karl Marx, the avowed founder of the New Russia. Intellectual honesty is one of the Jew's traits. He can see both sides of a case.

A recent Jewish writer maintains that the Jew, unlike the Chinese or the Hindu, lacks " poise." The Jew's restlessness is at once the result of his insecurity and the source of his strength. His nervous excitability gives him an advantage over more phlegmatic types by making him a good conductor of new ideas. Always you will find him in the van. And though his foresight, which amounts at times to second sight, is more often employed in turning out profits than prophets, Disraeli showed how it can be made to serve public ends. His " nerves " in fact make him a poet and an artist as well as a good business man.

Nowhere has the peculiar Jewish genius been manifested more triumphantly than in music. It is sometimes said that the *weltschmerz* which pervades much modern music is due to Jewish influence. That is not altogether true. Hebrew melodies, relying like most Eastern music on the minor scale, might produce an effect of sadness; but any such theory is belied—to take only two examples—by the brilliant burlesque of Offenbach and Mendelssohn's joyous exuberance.

There, indeed, you have the most significant thing about the Jew. Two thousand years of rough usage have not broken his spirit. Morbidity of any sort is the exception rather than the rule, just as still-born babies are said to be rare among Jews. The liturgical sorrow of the Jew only conceals an avid pleasure in living, in the fleshpots of Egypt. Even his fasts are made occasions for feasting. Most of the Jew's diseases, it has been remarked, centre in his stomach. This streak of sensualism he probably derives from his African antecedents, for the Jew, it must not be forgotten, bears in his veins the blood of three Continents.

Except in the matter of food, he is temperate. In the Jew family instinct is strong. He has a keen sense of worldly values, of the difference between man and man. Above all, it is his acceptance of life's shadows as well as its light (an idea that is very picturesquely expressed in his Saturday Night prayer) together with his faith in a Deliverer, though this Messianic element is kept well in the background—in a word, it is his realism that has enabled the Jew to survive.

A realist in life, he is also a master of illusion. The many roles he has had to play in his time have fitted him especially for the theatre, a profession which is in consequence crowded with Jews. With the Jew it is not always easy to say when he is acting and when he is not. At one moment he may be cringing and the next blustering. Neither the cringing nor the blustering expresses his essential self or disturbs his unshakeable conviction

of his own divine election. They are just masks.

The Jew's loud, assertive ways, we have been told, are the result of an inferiority complex. Why not the effervescence of a crudely vital people which knows not the inhibitions of the Anglo-Saxon? The Jew has been brought up in the atmosphere of the market-place, where a loud voice and manner are part of the equipment of the successful huckster. He picked up some manners during his short stay in Spain, but he is in grain the vulgarian *par excellence*. That his loudness has little to do with any sense of inferiority is shown by the fact that it is unaccompanied by self-consciousness or self-criticism. They may be present in the modern type of Jew who is on the way to being absorbed and, in him, are the pangs of a second birth.

These are essentially the virtues and vices of a Peculiar People, if not a Chosen People. Degeneration, or, more strictly, modification of the racial type, sets in with a return to more normal or at any rate more prosperous conditions. The Jew, in his progress from Whitechapel to Park Lane, with few exceptions sheds most of his ideals and even his "Jewishness," assimilating himself to Gentility. Liberal Judaism, Reform Judaism, and what not, are mere half-way houses. At its best, this means that he falls into line with the larger movement of humanism which must sooner or later master all separatist tendencies if they are not to wreck the world. Unity does not necessarily imply uniformity but it does imply the rejection of that exclusive spirit of which Judaism, outside its own fold, affords so flagrant an example.

# The Padded Cell

*From the Diary of Tom O'Bedlam*

MY suggestion to Jack Leslie that he should try his hand at biography seems to be bearing fruit. Dropping in yesterday evening, he announced that he was going to write on the mother of George Washington. "Don't tell me you never knew he had a mother," he said, before I could open my lips. "Everyone has a mother. It's a biological fact."

"But," I asked, "was she a remarkable woman?"

"I hope not."

"But then why . . . ."

"I've been going into this biographical business, and the man to follow at the moment is Swan May. According to an article I came across the other day, May has given us the real Jenkins at last. We now know exactly what Jenkins did during office hours at Whitehall. May has made him throb like Joseph Chamberlain. The man is a complete wizard, and I can't hope to compete with him. Otherwise I'd have a shot at reconstructing Casanova as a Customs official, and Benvenuto Cellini as a market gardener. But what I'm after is a subject that doesn't need deodorising, a subject that would stand up foursquare to treatment by James Joyce, and read like a B.B.C. talk to the tots when he'd finished with it."

"I begin to understand."

"Glad of that. Well, it's taken some finding. I've barked up enough wrong trees to afforest the Sahara—Sir Robert Peel and Pericles, Joshua Reynolds, and Victor Emmanuel II and Poniatowski, half-a-dozen Generals, Handel and Elizabeth of Bohemia. And a dozen others. Always a snag somewhere. Human nature's pretty foul, Bedlam. Pretty foul."

"How did you come to . . . ."

"I thought of George Washington, but something seemed to tell me I'd slip up on him, too. My nerve had gone, and I simply couldn't face up to the Encyclopædia again. And then—" he snapped his fingers. "Like that!

A sudden flash. I just saw her. Fragrant, stately, serene. The spirit of Virginian aristocracy. An influence, an atmosphere. George's pole star. Get me? "

"Y—Yes."

"And endless scope for wistful fun with the darky retainers."

"Of course."

"And plenty of muniment room stuff. Charters, deeds, faded letters and musty washing bills. The human touch. Ye Olde Knight's missus, the dead spit of the reader's aunt. I take it that Virginia is stiff with muniment rooms. It goes back three hundred years by now. Backed by a good American publisher, I ought to have the run of my teeth in every sizeable mansion in the Southern States. Which may be amusing, and will at any rate keep me alive."

"I see the possibilities. But it would be funny if it turns out that Mrs. Washington died in giving birth to George."

"Funny! It'll be a gift, an absolute gift! Got a Britannica? Not? I must look into this. It's too much to expect. And yet . . . An absolute gift! Night, night!"

He was off like a flash.

**General Okasanevitch's Projects**

I HAVE just had a staggering experience. Even now I can scarcely credit it. Three days ago I was rung up by R—, of the Foreign Office, whom I have met once or twice at Gaston Bagge's. He asked if he could come round, and I consented, though I do not like the man. There is, I think, a markedly cynical strain in his nature.

"I have come on a confidential mission, Mr. Bedlam," he said, as we shook hands.

"Pray seat yourself," I replied.

"I was very much struck, Mr. Bedlam, by the enthusiastic way in which you supported Gaston Bagge the other evening when he was defending General Okasanevitch."

I bowed, but said nothing.

"Now the Government has, naturally, numerous sources of information about the General."

"Naturally."

"But these sources of information do not supply the kind of knowledge which one man gleans of another on a walking tour or after a good dinner. The General has many merits, but he is, emphatically, not, if you will excuse the colloquialism, *matey*. Nor, for that matter, is our Ambassador. The inter-changes between these two highly intelligent men have, therefore, lacked—shall I say *glow*? Now it has occurred to me, Mr. Bedlam, that if you would consent to visit the General, and then formulate your impressions for confidential transmission to the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, the Government would be enabled to orient itself more satisfactorily in its future relations with the General."

"This is a very high honour . . ." I stammered. "But . . ."

"It would not be in any sense a political mission, Mr. Bedlam. Merely an opportunity for a quiet talk on general themes between two congenial spirits."

"But would the General consent . . ."

"Subject to your acceptance of the mission, the General will receive you at noon on the day after tomorrow. We shall, if you have no objection, fly you both ways."

* * *

I need not dilate on my sensations as I crossed the marble floor towards the General. They were overpowering.

As I approached the table at which he was seated, he rose and to my amazement advanced towards me with outstretched hands. "I find you sympathetic" he cried. "In these matters, as in all others, my instinct is infallible. Let me tell you my projects." Linking his arm in mine, he marched me to a window.

"There," he exclaimed, "is the world. Here am I. The inter-relation of these two factors is the supreme problem of the universe. When I have crushed the Khmers

I shall arm them, and crush India. When I have crushed India, I shall arm it, and crush Asia Minor. Advancing through Europe, I shall, in proper sequence, crush and arm the Balkans, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Germany, Italy and France. Spain I ignore. I shall accept Spain some Sunday when I am not working. Master of Europe, I shall crush Russia in the East and England in the West. Stalin can teach my aide Russian. It will divert their ennui. Eden I will hang from the battlements of the Castle of Chillon, and Baldwin shall feed my pigs on what was once his country estate in Worcestershire. As for Laval, I shall impale him on the summit of Notre Dame. When the citizens of Paris wish to know which way the wind is blowing, they will be able to consult Monsieur Laval."

"And America, Sir, and Brazil?"

"My decision on these two points is not yet formed. I shall communicate it to you at our next meeting."

Taking me in his arms he kissed me on both cheeks. Within a few hours I was again in London. My man has just posted my report to R—.

* * *

**A Contrast**

ENGLAND has just cause for pride in the reception she has given to Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh. Hardly a paper in the country which has not devoted its front page to the arrival of this ill-starred couple, hounded out of their own land by the accursed sensationalism of the American press. My only regret is that the Liverpool police saw fit to deprive the Lindberghs of such a welcome to our shores as they would have remembered to their dying day.

# Literary Notes

*By Criticus*

THERE are travellers who travel to admire and travellers who travel to decry. American travellers in Britain seem to be principally of the first kind ; British travellers in America of the second. I should like to believe that this psychological cleavage was pure chance. The history of private Anglo-American relations unfortunately suggests that it is rather a reflection of national character. Dr. Johnson (who, it is true, had never personally ventured beyond the British Isles) was " willing to think well of all mankind except an American." Frances Trollope rather despised the domestic manners of the Americans. Dickens, after a lecture tour in America, hated them. In our own day British men of letters, men of distinction as well as nonentities, have continued this tradition of unsympathetic and not very intelligent misunderstanding.

The latest of these British men of letters to travel in the United States is Mr. A. G. Macdonell. He has described his travels in *A Visit to America* (Macmillan, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Though he and his writing are both distinguished, the description might well have been forgone. It has amusing interludes, especially when Mr. Macdonell is describing things he has seen and heard with his own eyes and ears : his account of a wrestling match at Helena, Montana, is the best kind of reporting. But the interludes are short, and in the rest there are many things that Mr. Macdonell has only glimpsed or half seen, and that, glimpsed or half seen, are only half understood. Texas is not a country of oil wells only. American Indians are not dying out ; on the contrary, their numbers are increasing. Though negroes may be called " niggers " in Baltimore, and their lives there considered of no account, that is not the name by which they are known nor the way in which they are regarded, in America as a whole. Though there are " scum and dregs " in Chicago (as there are in Birmingham and

Cardiff and Liverpool and Glasgow), they do not form the total population of that tolerably large city, notwithstanding the many attempts of many Englishmen before Mr. Macdonell to prove that they do.

It is only fair to Mr. Macdonell to add that he does not pretend to more than impressions ; that some of his impressions, as of Arizona, were gained from the window of a railway carriage ; and that men who have been much longer in America than he have made similar mistakes. But it is only fair to the Americans to add, too, that the air of half-facetious half-superiority with which Mr. Macdonell treats them is hardly justified by such knowledge of their country as Mr. Macdonell has shown in this book.

**Americans in England**

THE American in Britain, as I have said, is more appreciative. As Professor R. B. Mowat's *Americans in England* (Harrap, 10*s.* 6*d.*) shows, he has ever been so. Professor Mowat has traced briefly, sometimes too briefly, the story of American visitors to Britain from Pocahontas to Woodrow Wilson. Most of them he shows to have been friendly, and some, such as Benjamin Franklin, enthusiastic. The most flattering of them all, of course, were the painters like Whistler and the writers like Washington Irving who settled in England, though whether their exile left them as representative Americans as they had been before is doubtful.

There is one obvious reason for Americna appreciation of Britain in American foreknowledge of British history. But it is not, I think, correspondingly true that British ignorance of American history is a sufficient reason for British lack of appreciation of America. The Briton (he is not, when his name is Jones or Macdonell, an Englishman, and I cannot call him a Britisher) is just as ignorant of the history of many other countries, some of which he appreciates ; and there are men of other nations, just as ignorant of American history as the

Briton, who can yet appreciate America. Can it be that, a century and a half after the event, Britain still feels towards America the sort of jealous resentment that some parents have towards children who have outgrown and left their homes ?

**An Appreciative Austrian**

AN example of the appreciative foreigner in America is Fraülein Helene Scheu-Riesz, whose *Gretchen discovers America* (Dent, 6*s.*) is a remarkable contrast with Mr. Macdonell's *A Visit to America.* I had never heard of Fraülein Scheu-Riesz before I saw this book, though her publishers say that she has a considerable reputation as a novelist and playwright in Austria. But her book shows that the intelligent visitor to America is not always especially susceptible to the infection of superiority. It is a woman's book, in the form of letters from a German girl, and reminds me in spirit of the reply made by an American woman to whom I complained of the oppressiveness I felt under the shadow of the New York skyscrapers. " Whether you find them oppressive or not," she answered, depends on whether you look at the bottom of them or at the top. We look at the top." So does Fraülein Scheu-Riesz.

Americans are not the only appreciative visitors to Britain. There are Europeans, too. One of them, M. Feliks Topolski, Pole by birth and international by temperament, was in London in the year of the Jubilee and has now collected his impressions in a series of drawings of *The London Spectacle*, 1935 (Lane, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Impressions they are, in the more restricted sense of that word, swift, subjective and occasionally superficial. But they have the great merit, that the best impressions have, of revealing to the subject of the impression an aspect of himself the existence of which he had not hitherto suspected.

**Press and Public**

I THINK it was the Kaiser who remarked in a letter to the last Tsar of Russia that " what is called public opinion is often pure forgery." His comment recurred constantly to my mind as I read the pamphlet on *The Press* which Mr. A. J. Cummings has contributed to the Twentieth Century Library (Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Cummings knows the British Press from inside and is not therefore deceived by the pretence, naturally fostered by the Press itself, that the Press is at all times the voice of the people (which in the Latin tag is the voice of God). But he does seem to believe that the Press is generally a genuine public opinion, and that for this reason any suggestion for restriction of present Press activities is a threat to the liberty of the people. I share his view that a free Press is a most useful reagent against the power of a Government like that in office in Britain at the moment, for the criticism which an immense and caucus-controlled majority cannot or will not express, can be and is expressed in the Press. But the justification of this reagent is surely pragmatic, and not, as Mr. Cummings would have it, in a mystical ideal of " Freedom of the Press." There is no more logical reason for the Freedom of the Press than there was for the Divine Right of Kings. And just as it was found, or thought, expedient to counterbalance the Divine Right of Kings by a Divine Right of the Individual, so it may be found, or thought, expedient to counterbalance the Freedom of the Press with a Freedom of the Individual—freedom, for example, to pursue his private life in private, and freedom from intrusion on his private griefs.

In the matter of the Press under dictatorship Mr. Cummings illumines himself rather than his subject He feels by logic compelled to admit that the Press of Bolshevist Russia is no more free than the Press of Nazi Germany. But rather than let it stop at that, and damn both equally, he produces some singularly specious arguments to prove that control of the Press in Rusisa is

not so bad after all. Needless to say, neither in the one case nor in the other does he mention one of the essential differences between the controlled Press of Germany, Russia and other dictatorships and the free Press of the democracies. That essential difference is that the controlled Press is always clean, never trivial, and on the whole very responsible. I am not myself an admirer of dictatorships, and, for my personal comfort as a journalist, I prefer a free to a controlled Press. But my preference does not obscure the facts that I have never found in Nazi newspapers the kind of incitement against other countries that I have found in some British newspapers ; nor in Bolshevist newspapers the kind of personal dirt that I have found in other British newspapers ; nor in either such a monument to the journalistic ludicrous as was created last month by the following poster of a British paper which sells in its hundreds of thousands : FEROCIOUS PLOT EXPOSED BY CARTHORSE.

**Imprisonment for Debt**

ONE of my clearest memories of schooldays is of the glow of pride in progress that I felt when an English master, commenting on *Pickwick Papers*, told me and my fellows that such an injustice as the committing of Mr. Pickwick to gaol for an unpaid debt, could not occur in our days. Strictly, my English master was right. There is no imprisonment for debt today. But, while a magistrate could make an order for payment of a debt or a fine, and while failure to fulfil that order automatically meant committal to gaol for contempt of court, he was, substantially, wrong. The law has recently been changed by an act of late 1935 which requires inquiry into individual circumstances before a man can be committed to gaol for failure to obey an order for payment of fines, rates or bastard maintenance. But there are still so many debts for failure to pay which a man can be imprisoned that I welcome Mr. J. D. Unwin's analysis of *The Scandal of Imprisonment for Debt* (Simpkin, Marshall,

7*s.* 6*d.*). The array of facts and figures Mr. Unwin has collected suggests that there is still truth in Oscar Wilde's saying that British law treats offences against property far more harshly than offences against persons.

**Uffa Fox**

NO one but Uffa Fox could have been rashly original enough to produce a book on sailing at this time of year. *Uffa Fox's Second Book* (Davies, 35*s.*) justifies his temerity. It is a hotch-potch of history, dinghy-designing, sailing boat technicalities, and famous races. But every sailor, whether green amateur or accomplished yachtsman, will find in it something to delight him. There is an account of the Prince of Wales Cup Race ; the story of the Royal Yacht Squadron ; a description of the Bounty's launch which will provide an interesting comparison with the launch in the film called *Mutiny on the Bounty* ; many sailing ship plans ; and many other things besides.

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## Moonstruck

THE moon, pale
like an agéd nun,
arose and smote
the infidel sun.
The white trees withered,
the geese went lame,
but no birds sang
a requiem.

BRIAN FITZGERALD.

# Empire Governments

THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By PROFESSOR ARTHUR BERRIEDALE KEITH. *Macmillan*. 21*s*. net.

Professor Berriedale Keith's latest work is in form a handbook, complete to the middle of last year, of the constitutions and systems of government of the various parts of the British Empire ; from the United Kingdom down to the mandated and protected territories. In this respect it is marked by the combination of keenness in historical sense and prevision and clarity, in fact long familiar in Professor Keith's studies ; and the reviewer can have little to say but to note the one more debt owed this distinguished authority by all students of Imperial affairs. There is necessarily much condensation, but this need not be misleading if it is remembered that Professor Keith's aim is primarily a legalistic one. All the information gathered here has relevance first and foremost to the legal nexus of the Empire—to the constitutional relations between the Dominions with the United Kingdom, to the status in law of colonies and other territories, to the working within each part of the Empire of the constitutional practices which had their first application in England. From such a point of view the book is to be seen not as a static piece of research but as a chronicle of change, and in this lies its present interest. Is the alteration in the constitutional character of the Empire, so pronounced since the War, still in process ? Has the sort of British Commonwealth contemplated by the Imperial Conference of 1926 been in fact attained ? An answer is not attempted here, but some indications of it are to be found in two or three general chapters, and in comments throughout the rest of the work. Politically speaking, a unity of the Empire is a variable and adjustable ideal ; constitutionally, it seems clear that the forces of dissolution and separatism have been, and continue to be, greater than was apparently at first expected.

The discernment of the status of the Dominions passed from the political to the legal sphere with the Statute of Westminster, which gave effect to the recommendations of the 1926 Imperial Conference ; and the Statute has already shown some radical implications. Professor Keith cites the decisions in the recent cases before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, *British Coal Corporation* v. *The King* and *Moore* v. *Attorney-General for the Irish Free State*, as according " the widest interpretation to the legislative authority given by the Statute . . . to the Dominions." The first case established the right of the Canadian Parliament to abolish the appeal to the Privy Council by special leave in criminal cases. The second established the validity of the abolition of the appeal from the Supreme Court of the Irish Free State. From the

same decision follows the legal right of the Free State to repeal any provision of the 1921 Treaty. In view of such interpretations of the Statute and of the Status of the Union Act passed by the South African Parliament in 1934, the question of a legal power of a Dominion to secede from the Commonwealth cannot be far in the background. Professor Keith is inclined to doubt whether such a faculty can be discovered, but the layman will draw his own conclusions from the fact that the matter is at any rate arguable. Nor is the altered character of the Imperial relationship confined to the intra-Imperial constitution. The process of disintegration—legal disintegration, it must again be emphasized—is observable also in the field of diplomacy and international law. In practice, Imperial unity in foreign policy has been, on the whole, preserved, but running counter to it is the "part assigned to the Empire in the League of Nations" *plus* certain tendencies to separate action by Canada and the Irish Free State. Professor Keith finds, however, as other authorities have done, that it is impossible to be explicit on this question, in which so much is vague and imprecise. The implication is that the legal view, if one can be formed, of the Imperial relationship in the diplomatic field, must give way to the possibilities of practical cooperation as that is dictated by necessities as they arise. How much or how little importance, for instance, is the purely legal commentator to attach to the assurances given by the Dominions on the occasion of last year's Jubilee meetings that they endorsed British foreign policy?

JOHN HOOD.

# China and Japan

CHINA. By C. P. FITZGERALD. (The Cresset Press. 30*s.*)
CHINA CHANGES. By GERALD YORKE. (Cape. 10*s.* 6*d.*)
THE PROBLEM OF JAPAN. By M. D. KENNEDY. (Nisbet. 15*s.*)
JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE MODERN WORLD. By ERNEST H. PICKERING. (Harrap. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

MR. FITZGERALD, disdaining the common contemporary fallacy that Chinese history is "a monotonous record of three thousand years of stagnation ending in a disorderly collapse," begins his survey with feudal China and ends it at the Manchu conquest. The result is, not indeed to explain to the reader the apparently inexplicable twists of Nanking in the 1930's, but to make intelligible the psychology of a people on whose tolerance Nanking and other Chinese governments in the last resort depend. This psychology is as much literary, artistic and religious as political, and it is to Chinese literature, art and religion that Mr. Fitzgerald devotes most of his attention. As a (perhaps unintended) consequence, his "cultural history" is a better introduction to the Chinese Art

Exhibition at Burlington House than are many of the books written especially for that purpose.

Mr. Yorke admittedly lacks the scholarly knowledge of China that Mr. Fitzgerald has. Nevertheless, by honest presentation of "things seen" he has managed to convey a clear and convincing picture of China today. He lived with the Chinese Army during the Jehol campaign, studied in a Chinese monastery, went on a journalistic mission to the Communists of Central China. Of each he writes sympathetically and well. Best of all, he has understood something of the spirit still underlying all, a spirit expressed in the story with which he concludes the tale of his travels :—

"A keeper of monkeys said that each monkey was to have three chestnuts in the morning and four at night. But at this the monkeys were angry. So the keeper said that they might have four in the morning and three at night, with which arrangement they were all well pleased. The actual number of chestnuts remained the same, but there was an adaptation to the likes and dislikes of each. Such is the principle of putting oneself into objective relation with externals without consciousness of their objectivity. This is Tao."

Mr. Yorke believes that Japan's contribution to the world will be to remedy the Eastern nations' "lack of a scientific attitude which alone can give them security." I am not quite sure what that means. But I am fairly sure that any security Japan gives to China will be given only at the price of privileges for Japan in Chinese markets. Why that should be Captain Kennedy explains in a book that is more fair to Japan than any that I have read for a long time. Both he and Mr. Pickering know Japan well. Both suggest that Japan's present unwillingness to follow Europe's leads may be due as much to the questionable nature of those leads as to any machiavellianism in Japanese policy. And both nevertheless insist that some understanding between Japan and the Western World is essential if peace is to be preserved in the Pacific.

EDWARD HALE.

# The Last Plague

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT. By BARON HARRY D'ERLANGER. (Lovat Dickson. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

HEROIN is the plague, Russell Pasha the deliverer of stricken Egypt. In 1929, we are told, half a million people, out of a total population of fourteen million, were drug addicts. The author is plainly unhappy in his attempt to establish the accuracy of this figure, and is content finally to fall back on the highly respectable authority of Russell Pasha himself. Even if we accept a lower estimate the situation was sufficiently appalling, especially as the most popular of the drugs consumed was also the most virulent.

In an interesting chapter Baron d'Erlanger explains the peculiar efficiency of heroin in rotting a people. Its effects on the physical and moral condition of the addict are more rapid and more drastic than that of the more gentle poisons, such as hashish and opium. It is easy to take, requiring neither pipe nor syringe. Owing to its powdery form, large amounts can be concentrated in a small space, thus facilitating the task of the illicit dealer. Like its namesake, heroin acquired widespread popularity in the Orient owing to the asphrodisiac qualities imputed to it. After examining the grounds for this belief the author comes to the conclusion that it is without foundation, and that the balance of evidence, indeed, points in the opposite direction.

In 1929, Russell Pasha, Chief of the Cairo Police, was invited by Mohammed Pasha Mahmoud, the then Prime Minister of Egypt, to organise a Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau. With this appointment, the story leaves Egypt and goes to Geneva, Paris, Mulhouse, Zurich and Vienna. For, as Baron d'Erlanger insists, Russell Pasha's most positive achievement was to recognise that the problem of the drug traffic cannot be solved along national lines. The chapter on the League, pre-Russell, is of interest in this connection. National chemical industries were represented before the Drug Committees quite as strongly as the national governments. Quota schemes broke down as each national industry claimed the lion's share of the market. The promising Crane-Blanco scheme for regulating the traffic from the consumers' end was firmly quashed by the Government of India.

Russell Pasha's energy and persistence wrought great changes. Switzerland tightened up her narcotics regulations, thus forcing a number of enterprising manufacturers to close down. The Italian police cooperated strenuously in combating the traffic among the personnel of Italian shipping lines. The streams of drugs flowing into Egypt narrowed down to the single current from Istambul to Alexandria. A final effort persuaded the Turkish authorities to ignore the clamours of their native drug industry and introduce suitable legislation. The European drug gang was put to flight.

There is a great deal of unsatisfactory verbiage in the book, and the last chapter is perhaps the most unsatisfactory of all. Readers, however, are advised to consider the last half-dozen pages, which show that the industry, temporarily squashed in Europe, is making rapid strides in Japan and China. It is even suggested, though not on the author's own authority, that the Japanese prepared their Manchurian campaigns by systematically flooding the country with cheap drugs in advance. There seems to be urgent need for a Russell Pasha of the Far East.

H. A. R. PHILBY.

# Correspondence

***Outback Australia***

SIR—RECENTLY there have appeared in the English press articles and letters deploring the so-called "death of adventure," and detailing unhappy experiences of young Englishmen journeying to Australia to seek employment on big station properties remote from the allurements of City life. As one who has been for many years closely associated with station life in North and North-West Australia, may I trespass upon your space in an endeavour to remove some of the false impressions that have been created by these effusions ?

The spirit of adventure which moved our forefathers to travel to the uttermost portions of the globe and incidentally make our Empire what it is today, still lives, despite what may be said or written to the contrary. Young men, fresh from the Public Schools of England, have achieved success in the outback of Australia, unfamiliar as they were with the changed conditions of living and environment. Their qualities of grit and determination are admired by all true Australians, who recognise that what are merely discomforts to themselves, must be hardships to those who have been reared in the more pleasant surroundings of the Old Land.

The men who spend the greater part of their lives in the North-West on the great sheep pastures are, with few exceptions, a very fine type indeed. Intelligent, self-reliant, and men all through. The shearers, too, are a fine body of men. Many of them are married, with families which they have to leave down South while they work the station sheds over a stretch of months. Shearing, even with electric power, is arduous work, and the substantial cheques are well earned—and well spent in the maintenance and education of their families.

I have read complaints of the ships trading on the coast, made apparently by young men who have probably read of the luxuries of an Atlantic liner. The Minderoo, of 2,720 tons, is one of the well-found vessels on this run which carry passengers of all classes, from roustabouts to hishops. Compared with the ships of the P. & O. and Orient Line, the vessels which serve the North are not imposing, but compare them with the transport facilities available to the early pioneers of the North . All they had was a sailing ship which could be placed in the hold of the present day steamers, and sometimes fair women, accustomed to the comforts of city life, accompanied their husbands on these voyages, which were not without hazards.

These little vessels carried sheep, cattle and horses and supplies, to last the first settlers in the then unpeopled North up to six months. Where they disembarked there was no "pub" to offer them even the roughtest shelter or hospitality. There was no homestead ; they had to pitch their tents and, later, to build crude huts of logs, bark and mud.

These indomitable men and women were cut off entirely from their friends and relations of the city, a thousand and more miles away. There was, of course, nothing in the nature of a regular mail service. At intervals of anything from three to six months a passing boat might drop letters and newspapers on the coast at the nearest point to their holding. The plain unvarnished story of the struggles of those earliest settlers is an epic which is good to read, by all who still take pride, and have confidence, in our race.

Conditions are vastly different today. On the foundations laid by the intrepid men and women who blazed the trail later settlers have built substantially. Many of the great sheep stations have very comfortable homesteads, lit by electric light plants from power similar to that with which the shearing sheds are worked. They have telephones linked with the Government Telegraph Offices; hospitals, and medical services generally, are available to settlers.

The application of science to industry has wrought a wonderful change in living and working conditions in the North. Where the horse and camel team had to face the risks and rigours of long journeys and dry stages, the motor-car makes light of distance and rough roads; the aeroplane carries mails and passengers at lightning speed from the South through the coastal towns to the far North; the news of the outside world comes daily over the air. The remotest settlers may hear the Test Match battles broadcast from Sydney to the North-Western fringe of the Australian continent.

It would be idle to pretend that life is all beer and skittles on the stations of the North. The heat of the long summer imposes a strain on the sparse population, particularly on the women. They find compensation, however, in the companionship of their menkind, and a trip every year or two years to enjoy the amenities of the South makes the majority well content with their lot. The compulsory separation from their children, who go South to school, is admittedly something more than a crumpled roseleaf to the mothers.

May I add in conclusion that the "death of adventure" deplored by some writers after a few weeks' experience is due to a total absence of any spirit of adventure in themselves. What they have found unendurable, thousands of men, young and old, and many hundreds of women, born and educated in a comfortable environment, bear without complaint and even with enjoyment.

The history of Australia would be a very different story were this not so.

I am, etc.,

OUTBACK.

Perth,
Western Australia.

## Money and the Trade Cycle

SIR—Mr. Broster's facile disposal of the problem of trade cycles in his article entitled " Economic Stability and the Monetary Standard " (THE ENGLISH REVIEW, October, 1935) by the simple expedient of pumping more or less money into the system *via* the interest rate, displays an astounding ignorance of the result which such action would have in actual practice.

It is comforting to know that the orthodox school of economists (Messrs. Keynes, Robbins, Pigou and Hayek) have now more or less agreed that the chief factor at work in periods of rising or falling prices is the ratio of investment to saving, that is, when investment exceeds saving, prices rise, and when saving exceeds investment, prices fall. This, of course, is only an instance of the operation of the Quantity Theory of Money, because money saved and not invested is money withdrawn from circulation.

Production falls into two main departments, (1) capital goods and (2) consumption goods. The former is by far the larger, and probably in the neighbourhood of ten times the latter. Money, credit or purchasing power can only be introduced into the system at the consumer end by means of taxation or social services, and at the producer end by means of bank loans or investment. The last two are more important today. As soon as producers of capital goods find themselves with more money at their disposal, they set up a draw on the consumption goods department, which diverts men and materials towards their enterprise. This sends up the price of goods in general.

When the extra money filters down through the ranks of the producing department and becomes purchasing power in the hands of consumers, a great stimulus is given to the demand for consumption goods, which sets up a corresponding draw in the opposite direction. The entrepreneurs engaged in turning out consumption goods now start to get their own back on the capital goods department and it becomes a case of " pull devil, pull baker." Output on the capital goods side of the producing machine being ten times the other, it follows that there will be about ten times the amount of money (of all kinds) in circulation within the former department as within the latter.

To restore the balance, or raise prices sufficiently to enable producers of capital goods to offer terms attractive enough to labour and materials to bring them back to the fold, it will be necessary to inject a still larger dose of credit into the whole machine.

Thus tremendous oscillations of relative demand between the capital and consumption parts of the machine are soon set up by any kind of monetary inflation within the system, which must lead sooner or later to a crisis and then a slump. Dr. Hayek him-

self is so patently conscious of this fact that he advocates killing all booms at birth by credit restriction on the part of the banks.

Yours truly,
H. DEWDNEY.

Bombay,
November 1, 1935.

**Mr. Lunn, Miracles and Evolution**

SIR—May a biologist be permitted to comment on some aspects of Mr. Lunn's article, "Science and the Supernatural" which recently appeared in these pages?

Mr. Lunn believes in miracles. That is neither unreasonable, nor, perhaps very remarkable. He rightly says that scientists observe sequences. The event B has been observed to follow the event A on ninety-nine occasions. That, as Mr. Lunn says, is the sort of thing the scientist *observes*. The scientist *expects* that on the hundredth occurrence of A, it will again be followed by B. To this expectation we give the rather grandiose title of "The Law of Induction," but for all that, it is merely an expectation. There is no *reason* for supposing that because B has succeeded A on ninety-nine occasions, A will on the hundredth occasion be succeeded by B. If on the hundredth occasion A were followed by C, that would be a miracle. Of course, there is equally no reason for supposing that on the hundredth occasion A will be followed by "not B," that is, by C. In other words, an a *priori* belief either in the existence or non-existence of miracles is purely a matter of faith. The question is one of those that cannot be decided *a priori* by reasoning, but only from the evidence of our senses. Not having seen a miracle, I cannot affirm my belief or disbelief in the miraculous. I can at present only believe in the possibility of the miraculous. Many of my colleagues in the biological world would (contrary, I should imagine, to Mr. Lunn's expectations) agree with me in this attitude.

But Mr. Lunn has a great deal to say about an important biological matter, Evolution. His thesis, in spite of a digression into telepathy and another into astronomy, is almost wholly concerned with Evolution. He believes that the animal kingdom has arrived at its present state through a series of miracles, or cataclysms. It is this thesis that I propose to examine.

First, a major distortion of fact:—"Now the geological record provides evidence of evolution within comparatively narrow limits, but no real evidence for evolution transcending these narrow limits." It happens that I read Mr. Lunn's article just after preparing a

lecture on the origin of the mammalia. Although the facts have long been familiar enough to me, I could not help being impressed, afresh, at the extraordinary completeness of our knowledge of the transition from reptile to mammal. A few years ago there was between these two phyla an unbridged gap that would have delighted the heart of Mr. Lunn. Now, thanks to the brilliant researches of Broom and his colleagues on the Karoo formations of South Africa, we have a complete series of fossil forms, the Gorgonopsia, Cynodontia and Ictidosauria, leading from the lower to the higher phylum. Our knowledge of the transition from Amphibian to Reptile, through forms such as Seymouria, and from fish, through the Osteolepidoti and Embolomeri, to amphibian, is hardly less complete. Does Mr. Lunn think that an evolutionary series running from fish to mammal is one " within comparatively narrow limits " ? Actually, of course, the fossil records of vertebrate evolution could not extend over a wider range than this. The ancestors of the fishes were, we believe, soft, worm-like creatures (related to the modern worm, Balanoglossus) with no endo-skeleton or other hard parts to leave a trace in the rocks.

Paleontology demonstrates, not evolution, but " succession." Mr. Lunn is correct in thinking this, but quite mistaken in his belief that biologists are unaware of it. It is a commonplace to every undergraduate student of biology. As a criticism of the evolutionary hypothesis it amounts to no more than a statement of the obvious fact that no human observer was present to watch the progress of evolution. To demand ocular proof under such circumstances borders on the disingenuous. We know that at present life comes only from life; succession is always genetic. *Omne vivum ex ovo*. We know that in the past there was a succession of forms, fish to amphibian, amphibian to reptile, reptile to mammal. To draw the obvious conclusion would be to underestimate Mr. Lunn's powers of reasoning. The grounds for his scepticism are merely that succession might conceivably not have been genetic in the past. On this diaphanously flimsy negative argument he endeavours to rebuild that hoary ruin, Special Creation. He is fully alive, of course, to the glaring demerits of this argument, as is shown by the fact that he dare not forward it as his now, but puts it into the mouth of a fundamentalist.

In his next argument, however, he apparently has more faith, since he boldly attributes it to himself. He finds a lifting of the ocean bed so incredible that he prefers to believe in any number of simultaneous special creations in widely separated land areas. This argument is best dealt with by Mr. Lunn's own favourite device of the rhetorical question. If Mr. Lunn found, as he may

readily find if he looks, remains of indubitably marine animals on a mountain top, would he say that there had been a lift of the ocean bed? If not, what kind of miraculous agency would he bring forward instead?

The most extraordinary suggestion of all, however, is implicit in his statement:—"The atheist, for instance, accepts with naive faith the dogma that all living things are descended from a primordial cell, and that this primordial cell emerged by a process of spontaneous generation from lifeless matter." From this one can only conclude that the author believes that *only an atheist can believe in the origin of living from non-living matter*. Could anything be more absurd? Why should this belief lead to an atheistical, or non-spiritual, *weltanschauung*?

One need be no theologian to find such a conception lacking in subtlety, if not, indeed, crudely materialistic. Aquinas, for whom Creation was an eternal *process*, not a specific act or series of acts, in time, would certainly have found it so. But if Mr. Lunn has no taste for metaphysics, let him turn to Nature. There, in the study of biological phenomena which are proceeding every day under his nose, he should find enough to excite his piety and sense of the miraculous for the rest of his life, without the necessity of appealing to a series of imaginary cataclysms in the past.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. ELLIS,
B.Sc., Ph.D.

University College of North Wales.

## "The Log."

Sir,—I am sorry to note that in the January ENGLISH REVIEW you have sponsored the embittered outpouring of a traducer of Catholic Irish people in the tale called "The Log."

The tale is as true to life "as would be a picture of England compounded of the cases of incest, rape and sodomy that come before local English courts." (To quote from your review of Miss Mayo's books in the same issue).

Irish papists, priests and people, are fair game for a certain type of English people, and any gross libel on them will always command a market. But I am sorry The English Review should pander to that sort of taste.

Yours truly,

FFRENCH.

Dublin,
January 4, 1936

# A Generation Ago

*From* THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of February* 1911

ABOUT the fashions, my worshipful John Bullesses, why do you always mock after the French fashions? Of course the French women are most wonderful about their taste, and I always admire them in the fashion of their own designs. They know perfectly well what dresses suit them best. But surely their designs don't suit every John Bulless. (I must admit some John Bullesses dress up the French fashion wonderfully well.) First of all their figures are different. Talking generally, the French women have higher shoulders. Their chests are pushed forward like pigeons, and their hips go back. In one word their appearance is very feminine. Perhaps their spirits are very feminine too. On the other hand, you John Bullesses have gracefully long necks, and your shoulders are much sloping down. You are more like those Greek goddesses. And your spirits are not at all so feminine as the French. You are much interested in literature, science, and art or even eager on the high Political question. You are so pure and sacred. Then why don't you create some graceful dresses especially for yourselves to show your own dignity? I frankly tell you, too much feminine fashions don't suit you at all. You look rather vulgar, which is not your nature at all.

(*My Idealed John Bullesses. By Yoshio Markino.*)

* * *

**Death-blow to the Entente**

THE Russo-German compact leaves all existing treaties, conventions and agreements untouched. To the Triple Entente, which was not based upon treaties and was the only counterpoise to Austro-German militarism and the only means of preserving the balance of political power in Europe, it has given the death-blow. The Entente had been in a bad way ever since its mistaken policy of 1908-1909. It was a group comprised of elements that had little in common and lacked centripetal motion. The partners pulled in various directions, made no progress, failed to agree upon a common policy or upon the price they would pay to carry any measures through, and were defeated and humbled by the Triple Alliance. After that it became difficult to infuse new *ichor* into its semi-petrified veins—difficult but not impossible. There was just one way of effecting it still. But the Russo-German agreement has killed the Entente outright.

(*The Russo-German Agreement. By E. J. Dillon.*)

# HOTEL REGISTER

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## ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

*from page* 131

MR. H. M. BATEMAN'S drawings of improbable events—"The Guardsman who dropped it" and "The man who asked if the beef at Simpson's was English" are the two that have remained most firmly in my mind—have suffered many imitations since he first devised the idea some fifteen years ago, and especially in the last two years. None of the imitators, needless to say, has equalled the originator and master; and for that reason I am glad to see the master at work on his idea again.

He has been at work on it recently for Howard's Aspirin, with a drawing of "The Man who doubted if Howard's aspirin was the best," in his old and excellent style. The drawing provides a welcome light relief to the more serious business of commerce.

Pierre Louys once wrote a novel the purpose of which was to show that man had only discovered one new luxury since the days of ancient Greece—tobacco. I think he might have added aspirin. For though aspirin is nowadays what the economist calls a "conventional necessity," (along with tobacco and motorcars, and cinemas), and as cheap as most "conventional necessities," it remains a luxury in the sense that it is that grateful something more than we feel we have a right to expect of life.

The principal use of aspirin today is, of course, in relief of the headaches and neuralgia for which our grandparents had no other remedies than smelling salts and visits to the dentist. It is not generally remembered that it is also a specific for acute rheumatic fever.

* * *

THE great Lord Shaftesbury's work for amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes is commemorated, politically, in the factory and other acts passed by Parliament in the nineteenth century; monumentally, in the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus which was erected in his honour. It is also commemorated in the work of a number of institutions which carry on the

*continued on next page*


## HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

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## HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

### SEASIDE—*continued*

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## ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

social work he initiated, and notably in the Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship. In ninety-two years these institutions have trained over 33,000 children for a happy and useful life, and they are training 1,100 more today. It is always a little difficult to grasp the human significance of large figures, but perhaps it will help our readers to do so if I point out that the Shaftesbury Homes' and Arethusa Training Ship's records mean that they have been turning-out, fully-equipped for the world, an average of one boy or girl every day, 365 days of the year, for nearly a century. That is a stupendous work, naturally requiring much money to be carried on. Great as are the demands on everyone's purse in these days, I hope our readers will remember it when drawing up their budgets.

* * *

OF all the citizens of the world, the Englishman is perhaps best provided for in the matter of domestic heating, (and, perhaps, because he needs it most). Eastern Europe has porcelain stoves, burning wood or charcoal; America has central heating; France has, in the main, raw wood or coal. But, in addition to these forms of heating if we want them, we have the choice of gas or electricity as well. Each has something to commend it. I personally prefer gas in the country and electricity in town. I prefer electricity in town because it is compact (and it is in town that the average man has least room); because it is so simple in use; and, last but not least, because it is so cheap. Especially do I like adjustable domestic heating in our variable climate, and this, electricity gives me.

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## HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

### SEASIDE—*continued*

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## ON THE MARGIN

*By Commentator*

THERE has been much ado around and about Austria this past month and there will be more in the months to come. Why that should be is a question many people are asking. There is no complete answer to it; but there is a partial answer, which Britannicus Viator gives in the study of Prince Starhemberg by him which we publish this month. Incidentally, Britannicus Viator denies that interest in biography is a recent fashion. He says that Disraeli, who regarded biography as "history without the dullness," was already behind the times.

Our other contributors this month range a wide field. From Saudi Arabia, Mr. H. St. J. B. Philby sends us a study of the work and country and people of King Ibn Saud, who has just completed ten years of rule over his new kingdom, peaceful rule, too, except for a brief interlude of war with the Yemen in 1934. Mr. Philby, who has now made his home in Saudi Arabia, needs no introduction to students of recent Arabian history. He is in the long line of distinguished British travellers in Arabia, and like others in the line has developed there a distinguished style of writing.

* * *

MISS ZAIDEE EUDORA GREEN is another contributor who writes from overSea. Her study of Christina Rossetti, whom she considers A SAINT BY CHANCE, is a brilliant piece of work, worthy of the fortieth anniverary of the publication of Christina Rossetti's collected poems. Miss Green is Assistant Professor of English at an American University.

Amateurs of the short story—a form of literature whose vitality has remarkably survived one of those accesses of popular enthusiasm that do not usually last long—have a choice of two widely different examples in THE ENGLISH REVIEW this month. Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, veteran author and journalist, contributes a tale in the humorous, which is the most difficult of all veins; Miss Agnes Maxwell Hall a tale of the Carribean which is a character study and a sketch of little known lands as well.

(*continued on page* 259)

***Mr. Cox communes with nature***

Bent over his ledger, Mr. Cox sighed for the hollow places of the hills. Regularly he read the nature notes in his morning paper. Now, he's a countryman! Now he thrills to the first catkin! His endowment policy has matured, and he's settled in a cottage on our monthly cheques. And that's only one thing our policies can offer.

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## ON THE MARGIN—(*continued*).

DISCUSSION of our judiciary is a rare thing, partly because the judiciary is so good, partly because its officers, like the Civil Service, are supposed not to be able to reply to criticism. There has, however, been some discussion of judicial problems in recent weeks, arising out of the inquiry into the congestion of business in the courts. We believe that to be a good thing, for although we subscribe to the generally and justifiably high opinion of our judiciary, we do not believe that public discussion harms anyone or anything. Nor do we agree that either the judiciary or the Civil Service is unable to reply to criticism; even when they cannot reply themselves, they are not lacking in lay defenders. Perhaps one of these lay defenders will come forward with a reply to the criticism of OUR LEGAL JUNGLE by a layman which we publish this month?

* * *

Two other recent contributions to THE ENGLISH REVIEW have brought replies from correspondents this month. The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke, writing from Devizes, continues the discussion of MIRACLES AND EVOLUTION; Miss Pamela Hinkson corrects what she believes to have been a mistaken impression of Ireland in a recent article; while Lord Charnwood, writing in criticism of Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's article on Rudyard Kipling, published last month, adds to his criticism a personal reminiscence of Kipling. Mr. R. G. Burton's letter, denying Mr. Edward Hale's statement that the term "British Empire" is giving way to "British Commonwealth of Nations," raises the interesting question of what is the criterion in such matters. Is it usage in speech or usage in the printed word?

* * *

THE fixed trust movement is a notable development in British finance. It has "taken on," as they say, with a remarkable rapidity, has already been the subject of a favourable Stock Exchange report, and is soon to be the subject of a Government inquiry. It may—or so some men in the City believe—eventually effect revolutionary changes in the London money market. There are fixed trusts of many kinds—of gold shares, of insurance shares, of Empire shares—and it seems likely that there will be many

(*contined on page* 382)

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